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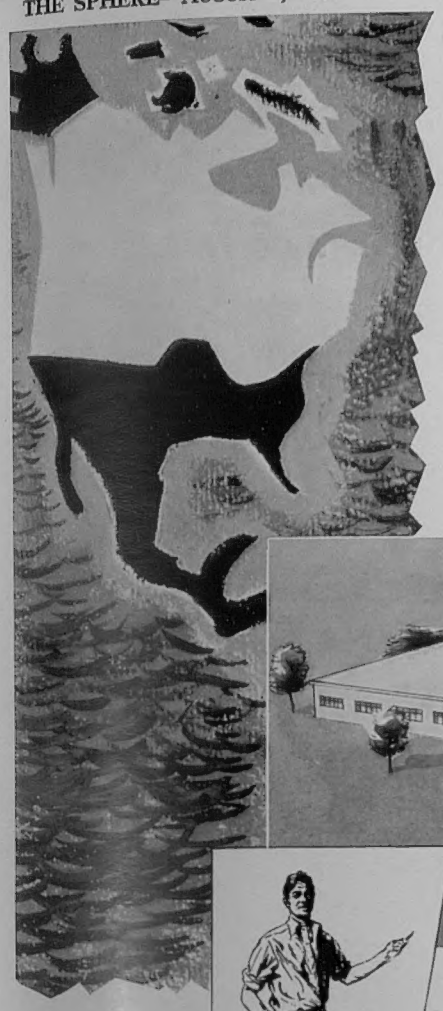

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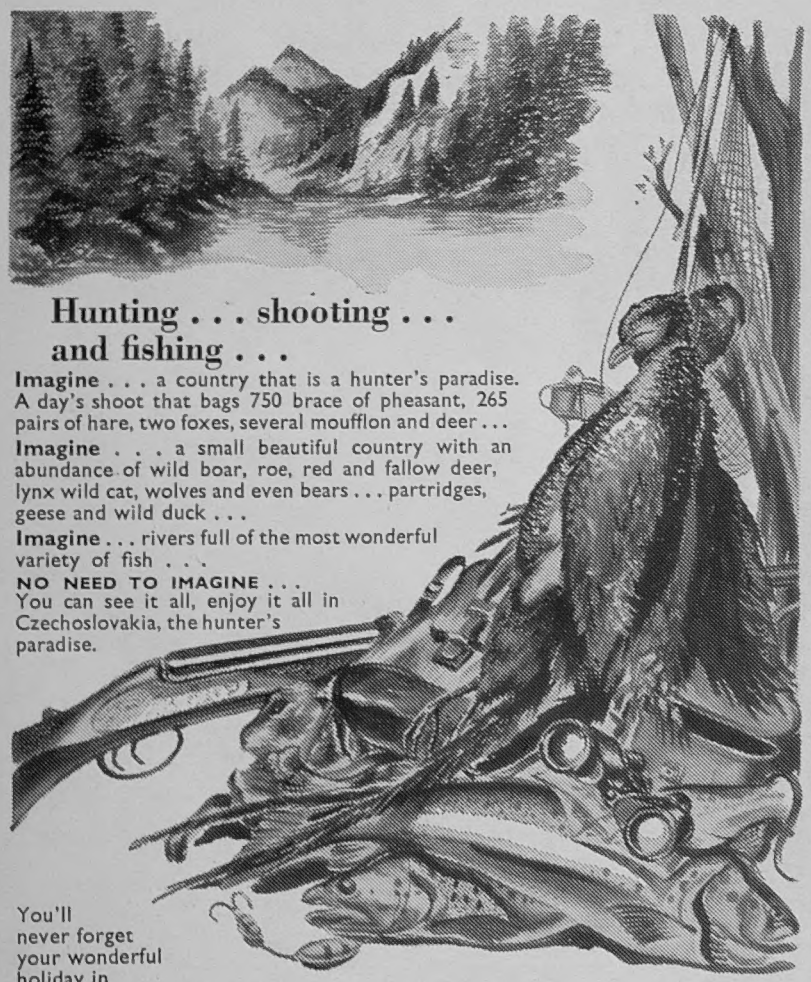

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OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE

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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3044

The SPHERE, London, August 2, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE APPROACH TO THE SUMMIT—MR. DULLES WITH MR. MACMILLAN AFTER A CONFERENCE AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: The United States Secretary of State arrived in London last Saturday for the Ministerial Council of the Bagdad Pact Powers. Throughout Sunday he had a series of conversations not only in preparation for the Pact meetings, but also discussing with Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd the joint Anglo-American policy for the proposed meeting of the Summit in the Security Council.

The Prime Minister and the American Secretary of State both looked extremely cheerful when the latter left Downing Street on Sunday afternoon. He had spent four hours with Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, during which they had discussions and a "working" luncheon to define their common approach to Mr. Khrushchev and the Summit. Various British and American advisers were called in. Then Mr. Dulles saw the Prime Ministers of Persia and Pakistan, who had also come to London for the Bagdad Pact meeting. In the evening Mr. Lloyd gave a dinner for the Premiers of the Bagdad Pact, excluding, of course, Iraq, which was not represented. On Monday morning Mr. Macmillan presided over the Council at Lancaster House, the other powers present being Pakistan, Persia, Turkey, with Mr. Dulles as the United States Observer (America is not a full member of the Pact). Parallel with their conference, which almost certainly considered Middle East policy and Mr. Khrushchev, there was great diplomatic activity in New York, where officials of the United Nations were working to translate the proposal for the Summit into practical reality. (Middle East Crisis, see also pages 156–163.)

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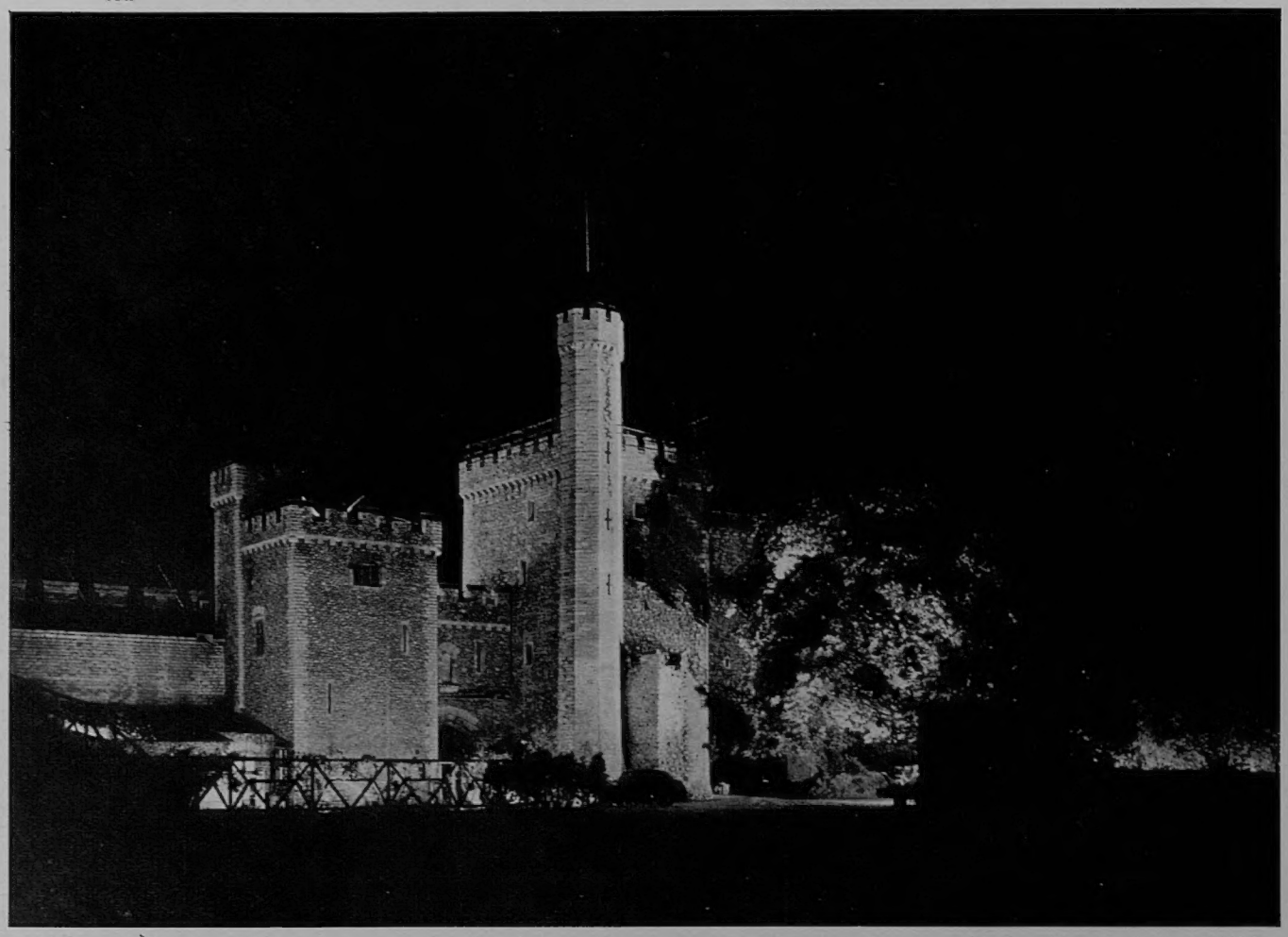

"SON ET LUMIÈRE": Cardiff Castle is dramatically floodlit against the night sky during the spectacle presented in Cardiff for the Festival of Wales. With a script by Louis Macneice, the story of events taking place in the medieval castle is unfolded against a background of changing lighting effects. It was here, overlooking the River Taff, that Cæsar's Roman legions set up a stronghold on their march into South Wales.

FROM THE CASTLE GROUNDS: Floodlight... been surrounded by other build... nineteenth century. The music ...

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

Spotlight and Black-out.—

God gives all men all earth to love,
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordains for us one spot should be
Spotlighted over all.

With apologies to Kipling and doubting whether "love" is the *mot juste*, it remains true that our hearts are small and that we usually concentrate on one sensation, if it be large enough, to the exclusion of all other normally exciting events. Thus, we observe, with a smile and no surprise, that the Iraq business, with its consequences and proposed Summit meeting has killed stone-dead half a dozen news items which have recently claimed banner headlines, and otherwise would still claim them. Stone-dead are the recent strikes, settlements and pay claims. Stone-dead, as news, those lovers who fled away into the night and returned to take their medicine. Gone all interest in the reorganisation of the Defence Services which was quite liable to evoke controversy. Prisoners continued to escape from gaol and no one cared a hoot. The last pranks of the socialites as the so-called London Season ended failed to arouse the columnists, and real cricket weather failed to draw any worth-while gates. Even Princess Margaret in Canada was given the privilege of a privacy she seldom enjoys. As for domestic politics, prophecies of General Election dates and assessments of by-election trends were dropped like hot stones. Goodwood sank to the level of a local pony-scurry and even demands for seats for *My Fair Lady* were merely overspills from pre-crisis advertisements. If "man bit dog," nobody cared a damn. For once in a way, the Press gave the public in full measure all it wanted. I sometimes wonder whether our interest in the news of the day is created for us and not self-created.

Aftermath.—One can hide one's troubles under a dust-cloth, or wear blinkers or rose-coloured glasses, *pro tem*. We all do that with unpaid bills and unanswered letters before going on holiday, but the nasty things have got to be reckoned with some day and have an ugly way of looking even uglier when the covers are taken off. Now, I don't call the Iraq imbroglio a "holiday," but, as I suggest, it had the same effect with some of our "unpaid bills" and unsolved problems. And when, if ever, the boiling-pot in the Middle East simmers down again, those little bills will have to be paid—and with knobs on. For the accounts run on, and little adventures like troop movements, which have all the appearance of war, and quite 50 per cent. of its dangers, cost a deal of money. And money so spent interferes with Budget expectations, and Budgets have an effect on General Elections and on the hopes of Chancellors that prices will fall and taxation be eased. Then, again, the "workers," like the Duke of Plaza-Toro's private band, are "sordid persons." At any rate, they don't forget, if they temporarily appear to lay aside, their wage claims; and there are a hell of a lot of them outstanding. Money talks louder than loud-speakers. We have often observed with disappointment how short is the effect of a triumphant Royal progress, hailed with worshipping delight, in some young Commonwealth nation. When the red carpets are rolled up and the captains and kings have departed, hard bargaining and pointed brass tacks are all too soon the order of the day again. Cyprus, Algeria, wage claims, Defence controversy, NATO, the free trade area and normal cold-war problems are only waiting to bob up again among other prickly matters when our present "holiday" ceases to be the only front-page news. And all of them may look a little uglier when our eyes are again opened to them.

"All the Lords and Ladies"—... Not to omit the Honourable "Miss O'Gradys." The first list of fourteen life peers and peeresses is announced and certain conditions, hitherto obscure, are made clear. The children of these peers and peeresses will follow the Law Lord precedent and be entitled for their lives to the prefix "Honourable." In short, the powers that be have decided: any tampering with the dear old hereditary principle and adjuncts, beyond the bare necessity of strengthening the Upper House with useful men and women who don't want hereditary peerages, will be "over our dead bodies first." "Toppers, tails and titles" now and ever shall be! Of all the specious arguments for this Law Lord precedent, none strikes me as more absurd than that it was necessary to ensure that the new life peers should not feel themselves to be "inferior" peers. Their selection was to be a signal honour on *merit*, and that needed no "bolstering-up" with courtesy titles for their children who might object to them as embarrassing. Then, again, these life peers were not to be Party-politically labelled. In the normal course, since merit is not the preserve of one party, it was hoped that Socialist representation would gradually increase. It seems that this is unlikely to begin until Labour rules again. Always a slight bulge of party nepotism is to be expected, reasonably perhaps; and M.P.s for marginal seats, otherwise worthy of the honour, must not for some time to come hope for selection. I was surprised that one aim of the Life Peerage Bill has been so little implemented in the first list. I thought that business and industry representation in the House of Lords would be greater than it is.

The Worst Since 1926.—The Ministry of Labour's review of industrial progress in 1957 makes sorry reading. It is the picture of myopic apes sawing off the branch they sit and live on. It was the worst year for strikes since 1926, the General Strike year. Some 8,500,000 hours were thrown away. And the first months of 1958 won't look any prettier. The country's total "working" population is given as 24,000,000. This includes those in civil employment, in the Forces, and the unemployed, now numbering about 330,000, or 1½ per cent. of the "force." I don't know if the figure includes myself. I live a retired life and the sleuths may have missed me (and you could hardly call it "work" in my case). Perhaps the loss of working hours is a flea-bite. If 24,000,000 "workers" lose 8,000,000 hours, what 's twenty minutes here or there, anyway? But the "workers" in the vineyard got more than a 1d. a day. Increases in 1957 in their pay-packets amounted to £5,000,000 a week, and the cause of the loss of working hours was largely the result of wanting more; and, unlike Oliver Twist, when they ask for more, they usually get it, soon or late. The Report says that many firms began to appreciate the need for good working relations in the present difficult transitional period. That I can well

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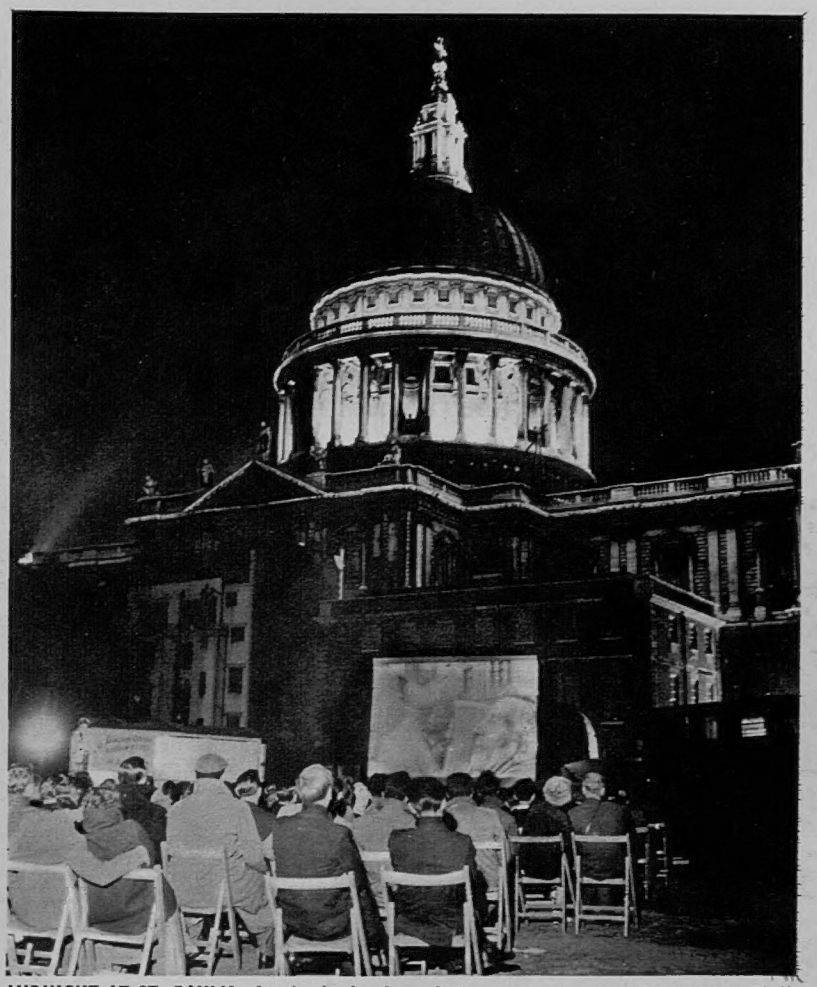
illuminates another part of Cardiff Castle. The oldest part in the castle—the Norman Keep—has added through the centuries. Many of these are modern, having been reconstructed in the *Son et Lumière*, presented by the *Daily Telegraph*, was specially composed by Elizabeth Lutyens.

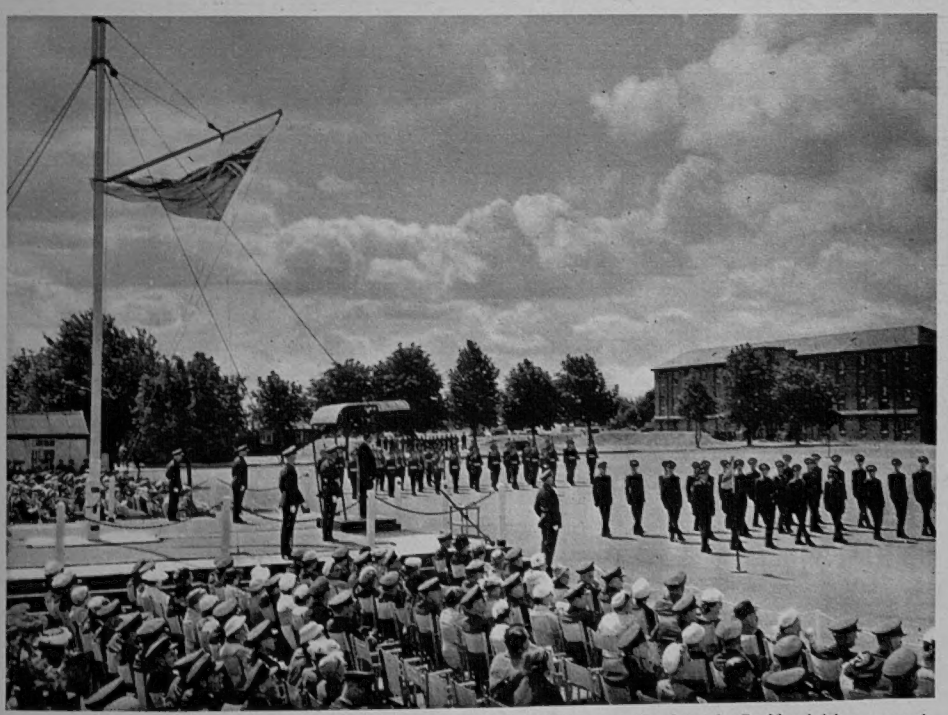


MIDNIGHT AT ST. PAUL'S: At the invitation of the producers, members of the Civil Defence and other voluntary organisations watch a midnight screening of the film *The Battle of the V.1* on a bombed site behind St. Paul's Cathedral.

believe, and I hope the appreciation was mutual among managements and men. I look forward to another Ministry of Labour Report. I hope it may throw some light on the researches of study groups into dock and market labour conditions. I want to learn more about the lives and rights and earnings of bummarees. As a profession, it seems to have its merits, its privileges and protections and profits, too. There is something also to be said for the profession of hauling meat from the forward to the rear end of a lorry. Protocol is very strict in the distribution of our meat supplies.

Murder Most Foul—And Senseless.—In the tense situation created by the Middle East explosion, curiously little has been said about the senseless barbarity of the extermination of the Royal family of Iraq. One must draw a distinction between mob murders and fanatics' assassinations of Royal persons and other leading figures on the one hand and those for which the Government in power could be held responsible. The stigma attached to a nation or responsible individual from murders of the latter kind never dies, and it seems clear that the present Government in Iraq *could* have prevented that atrocity, and has gained nothing whatever towards its own security by allowing it. Nor, I think, does any instance in history prove that murder was safer than banishment. Thus, that great man, Oliver Cromwell, gained nothing by his share in the execution of Charles I but a black stigma for ever on his name. It was not otherwise with the leaders of the French and Russian revolutions. Among them were men with qualities for ever obscured by the stigma of mass murder, and that stigma will never be removed from the movements they led. Royal dynasties in exile are far less dangerous to the new regimes than murdered dynasties, and there is no such thing as total elimination of a rival claim by mass murder. There always remains a remoter claimant, whose claim is the stronger from the iniquity of the foul action which unseated his house. History shows, too, the truth of the Biblical saying that he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword. The end of a majority of those who have swum to power through blood-baths has been as bloody and far more sordid than that of their victims, and often with the added shame of cowardice or absurdity. Their victims could teach them how to die with dignity. It is a sorry side-light on modern civilisation that any nation with such a claim could within a few hours recognise the new Government in Iraq without a thought of its infamy or a reflection on historical parallels. Civilisation is too often mere shrewd expediency where it is not a thin veneer over primitive barbarity.

Common Land.—The Royal Commission's Report on Commons deserves a study. It blows away some fogs and fallacies and makes some sensible proposals. There are not 2,000,000 but 1,500,000 acres of so-called common lands in England and Wales and they range from village greens to vast tracts in the west and north and in Wales. It is recommended that all of them should be open to all the public, subject to decent behaviour, including litter-consciousness. The first necessity is for local authorities to prepare a register of land claimed to be common and to give for many years an opportunity for objections to be heard. Once "settled," the commons must be preserved and improved by judicious planting and upkeep. The public still has little knowledge of the origin and meaning of Commons. They know little of manorial rights or of the reservations made by Enclosure Acts. Most common land is still not publicly owned. It still is the property of a private owner and would never have a just claim to be called common land but for the fact that by ancient manorial custom or some Enclosure Act reservation, a limited number of local residents possessed over it the right of grazing, turbary or what-not. These "commoners" may be absentees or unknown, but still the access of the general public must not infringe their paramount rights. Time was when Manorial Courts or parish meetings concerned themselves with such rights, and indeed there have been recent efforts by parish councils to attend to them again in establishing rights of way, and so on. The Jennings Commission has sat for three years and spent a lot of time and money over the subject, and its recommendations seek to preserve those primary rights of local residents, known or forgotten, and to give them a special right to conserve their commons, even to fencing and afforestation. Incidentally, the Forestry Commission for some time past has been increasingly leasing common land for planting and nurseries and changing the face of the land and the nature of its woodland with broad fire defences and soft woods for hard woods. It should not be allowed to acquire compulsorily except by consent of Parliament.



PASSING-OUT PARADE: Technical cadets from the R.A.F. College at Henlow, in Bedfordshire, march past during the parade. The Secretary of State for Air, the Right Honourable George Ward, M.P., stands on the saluting-base as he reviews the cadets during the graduation ceremonies.

The Old World and the New.—On that sunlit and congested lawn of Buckingham Palace, dignified and smiling, sauntered Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden while the Middle East crisis was keeping the Premier busy at Westminster. The last rite of an ancient order had shortly before taken place. The last batch of debutantes had made their curtsies to the Queen Mother and received their social passes. Democracy was triumphant on the lawns. The majority of the 8,000 chosen were juggernaut peeping Toms, elbowing and gaping. Here and there a male guest was smoking a pipe, as the Queen Mother, inimitably serene, followed her path-finders among them. Perhaps Sir Winston and Sir Anthony, those Garter Knights, thought with regret of the great days of dignified diplomacy and courtly manners. But I expect that the political events of the hour were most in their thoughts. Sir Winston may have been thankful that he was out of the battle or, as a historian, may have looked back over the years and wondered whether, if this decision or that action had been or had not been taken, the Middle East to-day had proved the grave of so many reputations. I often wonder what Lord Balfour in his Elysian Fields of philosophy thinks of the results of his famous declaration. Sir Anthony can hardly have deleted the word "Suez" from his heart and memories and perhaps his friendly smiles owed something to a tardy assurance that *there* his performance and not his plan was faulty, or that, if the plan was faulty then, now it erred in very good company. Anyway, on that lawn and among that democratic company, both these Garter Knights and Premiers gave the impression of colourful figures from the past or of film actors dressed for the shooting of a scene from *Ivanhoe*.

THE OLD STAGER

ON TOUR IN WALES

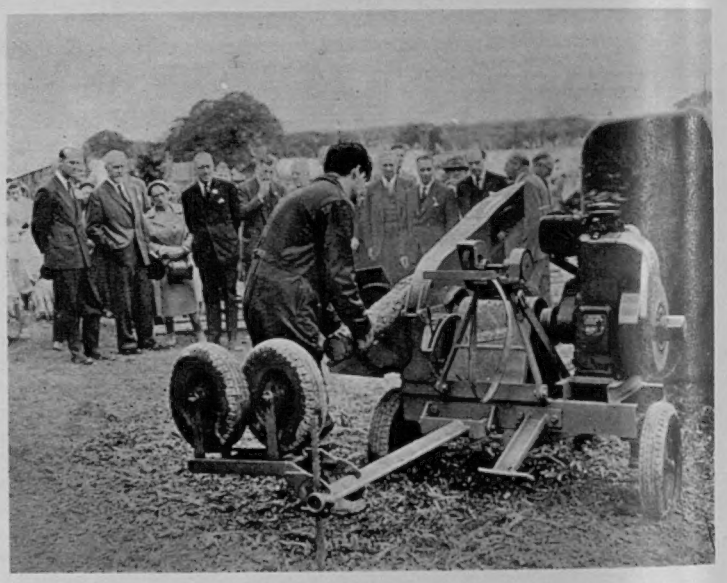
A Busy Time for the Duke of Edinburgh

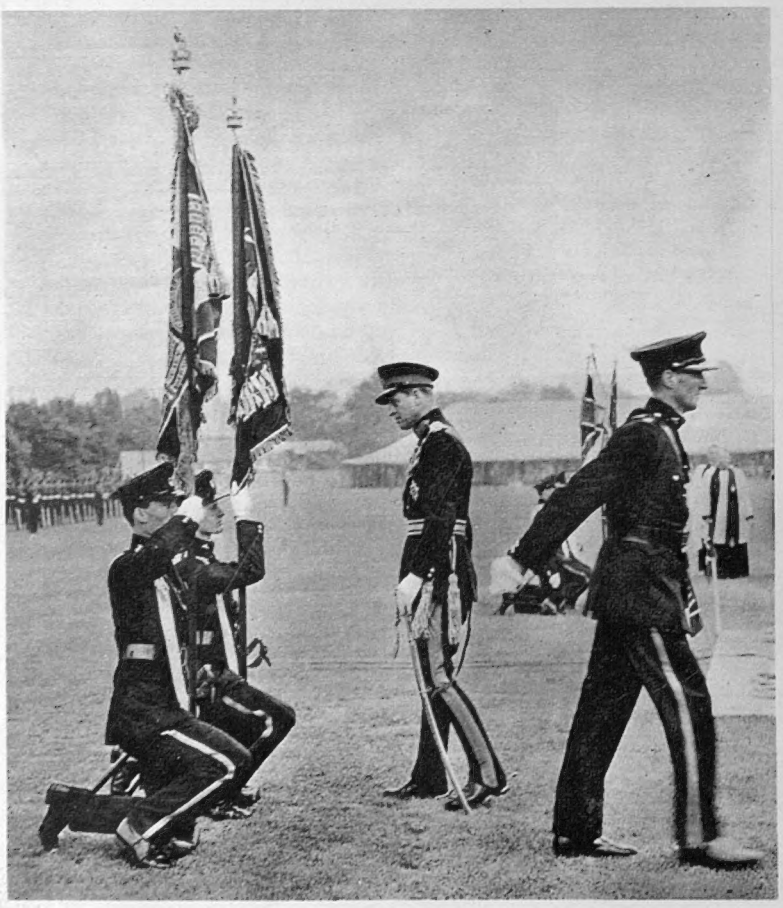
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S TOUR IN WALES: His Royal Highness, wearing the uniform of a Field Marshal, leaves a butcher's shop which he visited during his inspection of the Hilltop housing estate at Ebbw Vale. During his tour of the mining valleys of Glamorgan and Monmouthshire the Duke, carrying out a programme prepared before the Queen's illness, which prevented her from paying her first visit to the area, presented new colours to the 1st Battalion, The South Wales Borderers and the 2nd Battalion, The Monmouthshire Regiment (T.A.). The first call of his busy day was at the Remploy factory, Pentrebach, where he talked with disabled workers. At Glyncoed secondary modern school, Lord Raglan, Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, presented to him people active in local affairs.

VISITING THE OLDER GENERATION IN WALES: The Duke of Edinburgh leaves the Old Pensioners' Hall at Ebbw Vale which he visited after being entertained at luncheon in the Glyncoed secondary modern school.

***On left*—**

AT THE ROYAL WELSH SHOW IN BANGOR: The Duke of Edinburgh presents to Mr. W. Owen, the cup for the champion Welsh Black. *On right*—His Royal Highness watches a demonstration of wood trimming on the forestry stand.





AT CYFARTHFA CASTLE: During a visit to the 5th Battalion, The Welch Regiment, Prince Philip meets Taffy, the mascot. *On left*—His Royal Highness presents new colours to the 1st Battalion, The South Wales Borderers, at Ebbw Vale sports ground. He also presented new colours to The Monmouthshire Regiment (T.A.). The parade was under the command of Lt.-Col. R. Crewe-Read.

PRINCE OF WALES

The Queen Creates Her Son, Prince Charles, as the Twenty-first Prince of the Principality

THE NEW PRINCE OF WALES: Prince Charles, wearing his school cap and carrying a raincoat, walks back to Cheam School, in Berkshire, after attending morning service in church last Sunday. The school broke up on the same day and Prince Charles joined the Queen at Buckingham Palace. *On right*—The picture, taken last year, shows Prince Charles with the Duke of Edinburgh during a speedboat trip up the River Medina at Cowes, Isle of Wight.

FOUR GENERATIONS: Prince Charles, the newly-created Prince of Wales, is in the arms of his mother (then Princess Elizabeth) at the time of his baptism in 1948. With them are King George VI and Queen Mary. Prince Charles will be ten in November. The announcement by the Queen of her intention to create her son as Prince of Wales was made last Saturday during the concluding ceremony of the Commonwealth and Empire Games at Cardiff. Owing to her illness the Queen recorded her speech in London, and this was relayed to the vast crowd after an introduction by the Duke of Edinburgh. Cheering and applause followed the announcement and a little later the crowd sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales." The Queen also told the Welsh people that when Prince Charles "is grown up I will present him to you at Caernarvon." Prince Charles also becomes Earl of Chester.

WITH HIS SCHOOL FRIENDS: The Prince of Wales, fourth from left, walks with his school friends after the announcement by the Queen. With his new title Prince Charles becomes a Knight of the Garter with a stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Until last week the Prince was known as the Duke of Cornwall.

FLASHBACK TO 1911: Prince Edward (now Duke of Windsor) walks with his father, George V, and his mother, Queen Mary, after his investiture and presentation as Prince of Wales at Caernarvon.

A HIGH-LEVEL TALK IN BEIRUT: President Chamoun of Lebanon (centre) talks with Mr. Murphy, U.S. Under-Secretary of State (left), and Mr. McClintock, the U.S. Ambassador. The Americans were seeking a way out of the deadlock over the Presidential election.

SUPPORT FOR THE RULER OF JORDAN: King Hussein receives Jordanian tribal leaders in Royal Palace at Amman. It was reported that the Chiefs expressed their loyalty the King and their condolences over the assassination of his cousin, King Feisal of I

The Middle East Crisis

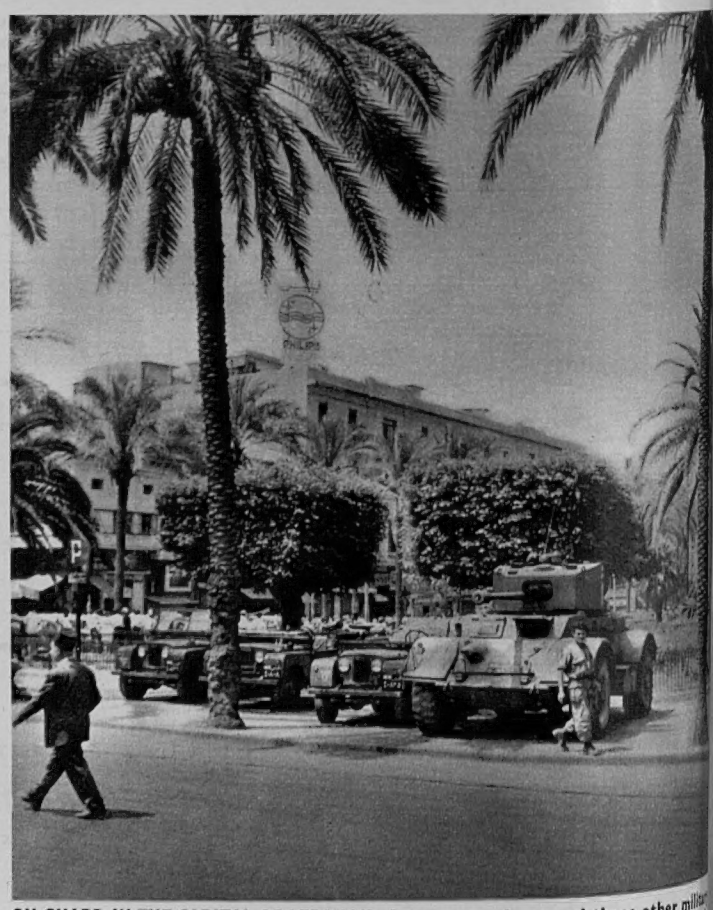
FRIENDS AND RIVALS

In Lebanon, Iraq and Jord

On left—

THE NEW GOVERNMENT IN IRAQ: T is one of the first pictures to re London of the new Cabinet Bagdad. General Kassem, Prime Minister, is fourth from right, at the far corner of the ta On his right is Colonel Aref, deputy Prime Minister. At a P conference last week-end Gen Kassem, who was the leader of military uprising against King Fe declared that the aim of his policy peace and friendship with all countr He emphasised that Iraq is an A state and spoke of domestic refo

IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL PALACE IN BAGDAD: Pictures, glass and china are among the articles brought out into the garden for the making of an inventory. In the background are the blackened walls of the palace, which was looted after the killing of the King and the Crown Prince.



ON GUARD IN THE CAPITAL OF LEBANON: An armoured car and three other milita vehicles of the Lebanese Army are lined up in one of the main squares Beirut. They are held ready, if required, for action against the rebe

THREE GIRLS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT: The young rebels pose with weapons behind a barricade in Beirut. The girl at the back is said to be only thirteen.

WOUNDED BUT UNDAUNTED: A rebel sniper who has been wounded in the left shoulder, holds his automatic weapon and declares his intention of carrying on in the rebel-held quarter of Basta, in Beirut, near the headquarters of Saab Salem, the local rebel leader.

U.N. ON THE WATCH: An aircraft of the United Nations Observer Group in Lebanon (UNOGIL) patrols over a mountainous district to the north of the country. Early this week it was understood in New York that Mr. Hammarskjöld and his advisers were studying a request from UNOGIL that the number of observers in Lebanon be increased to 600, about four times their present strength. More aircraft were also required. With these reinforcements UNOGIL officers were satisfied that they could patrol and observe the frontier.

On left—
A REBEL MEDICAL UNIT: White-clad doctors and nurses move along a street in Beirut in the rebel quarter to attend to casualties. In spite of the presence of the Americans, there were clashes between Rebels and Government last week.

BRITISH EVACUEES FROM BAGDAD ARRIVE IN BRITAIN: Women and children are at Southend Airport. They were among the first parties to be flown back from Iraq, after the revolution. Many said that the Iraqis seemed anxious to re-establish good relations with Britain.

ON THE WAY HOME: The group of Britons is at Nicosia, in Cyprus, where the parties of evacuees from Iraq had a wait to change planes. They were brought back to Britain in charter aircraft. Husbands and fathers of those evacuated remained in Bagdad.

BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS EMBARK FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN: Helicopters and vehicles of various types line the deck of the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Albion* in Portsmouth Harbour. She was preparing to sail with No. 42 Royal Marine Commando for Malta. *On right*—The ship with her tightly-packed deck is seen from the air as she passes Sally Point on leaving the harbour. *Albion* had been diverted from Rosyth to Portsmouth for the voyage. No. 42 Commando was moved from its station at Bickleigh, near Plymouth, the main training centre of the Commandos. The unit consists of about 600 officers and men and was formed in 1943. It was in action in Burma during the war and took part in the Suez operations two years ago. The other two units of the Commando Brigade are Nos. 40 and 45 Commandos. They were already in the Mediterranean when No. 42 sailed last week. Elements of No. 45 had been sent to Tobruk and Brigade H.Q. had been moved from Malta to Cyprus.

The Middle East Crisis

COMMANDOS FOR MALTA

Royal Marines Sail from Portsmouth

Middle East Crisis

A New Phase in Middle East Policy?

By JOHN CONNELL

THE long, tormented, sentimental friendship between the British and the Arabs is over. The British connection with the Arab peoples of the Middle East has become solely a matter of need. We must have oil, and we will crawl through any moral garbage-heap to get it. There will be many who will rejoice in our humiliation; but why we should join their revels, and caper and prance around the grave of our own lost honour, I fail to see. The destruction of the British Embassy in Bagdad—it was an odd trick of memory which made the Foreign Secretary, in the account which he gave the Commons of this episode, describe it as the "Residency"—marked the end of an epoch. In the smoke of that squalid holocaust there swirled away many a proud and passionate ghost. When it was first briefly and grimly reported to Parliament, nobody on either side of the House cried "Shame!", nobody uttered even the most formal word of regret that our staunch friends, who had trusted us so long, were horribly murdered.

The happenings in Iraq—though there is now a rather pitiable eagerness in Britain to gloss them over, ignore their brutality and forget their implications—were, in fact, the climax, symbolical as well as actual, of a long and melancholy process. A *coup d'état* of this magnitude, as ruthless, efficient and successful, is not accomplished overnight. It is sadly symptomatic of the whole business, from start to finish, that the British authorities were warned of the plot a full week in advance, and they ignored the warning, because the source was Israeli. To the end we have preferred to believe lies and fantasies and avert our attention from the unpalatable truth.

More than once in previous articles on this page I have attempted to analyse the causes of our misfortunes in the Middle East in the past ten years. These have been deep-rooted and tragic. Our contribution to our own overthrow has been heavy. But we are now told, in this last phase, that it is foolish to try to keep Arab nationalism at bay with the bayonet. Pronouncements of this order are as disagreeable as they are biassed. Britain was the loving and dutiful foster-parent of Arab nationalism; our principal griefs flow from constantly indulging and spoiling the brat, not from any attempt to suppress it. Long after President Nasser had shown himself to be our implacable and cunning enemy, we went on striving to appease him, at the expense of damaging our own and our friends' interests and smirching our honour. Even now, although popular opinion has reached by instinct the same definite, simple and accurate conclusions about Nasser as twenty years ago it reached about Hitler, there are large sections of those whose task it is to guide and influence policy who seek eagerly and persistently for any opportunity to come to terms with him—his terms, of course.

There has never been any secret about Nasser's strategic aims, though a tight security cloak is apt to be thrown around the tactical working-out of each phase of their fulfilment. Gamal Abdul Nasser, who sees himself and is seen by millions as the greatest Arab leader since Saladin, wants to establish an Arab hegemony—in fact, an Egyptian hegemony—extending from the Taurus to the Atlas Mountains, and taking in the whole of the Arabian peninsula and the conglomeration of small States and sheikhdoms on the shores of the Persian Gulf, which all Arab apologists nowadays call the Arabian Gulf. He desires to liquidate the State of Israel. He desires to remove every trace of "alien" (by which he means specifically British or French) influence and authority throughout the whole region, cultural and social just as much as political and economic. This hostility to "alien" influence and authority extends far beyond his own domains or even the Arab world as a whole. He aspires to wipe it out, and replace it by Arab leadership, throughout large parts of Africa; and he has, over a number of years, exerted considerable ingenuity, stubbornness and subtlety in pursuit of this ambition.

His advocates are probably justified in their claim that he is not a Communist. He is a National Socialist who has modelled many of his ideas and much of his practice on Hitler's. He comes—allowing for all the differences between the two countries—from the same stratum of society as Hitler; his impulses in the years of his rise to power were closely similar to Hitler's: a vindictive, wounded patriotism, a bitter resentment against real and imagined slights, defeats and humiliations, and a bitter and burning contempt for an antiquated social order which, in his boyhood and youth, seemed to deny a fair opportunity to his talents and aspirations.

In the plenitude of his power, surrounded by a horde of subordinates who fawn, obey and intrigue, and load themselves with riches, titles and gorgeous uniforms, he appears to remain—as Hitler did—simple, unaffected, modest in his dress and habits. I remember in the 1930's the clutter of silly-billies who used to be invited to Hitler's Eagle's Nest and come back and write cosily lyrical accounts of the man's charm and intelligence and sincere desire for peace and good relations. The same nonsense is being peddled about Nasser, who underneath this drearily familiar exterior is, just as Hitler was, a bundle of perilous neuroses.

The most dangerous and most sinister facet of this kind of psychopath is that he infects a whole people with his own sickness, because he himself is the embodied expression of their emotional and spiritual maladies. He is, quite literally, demonic. Even now we find it difficult to comprehend how and why Hitler exerted this malign influence over a vast people, thought to be highly civilised and intellectually advanced; but we are bleakly conscious of the fact that he did. So it is with Nasser. People who have known and loved Arabs all their lives cannot believe that millions of them have fallen so completely under his spell; but if they have, then it cannot be an evil spell.

A BRITISH BUILDING ATTACKED IN BAGDAD: Spectators, for the most part children, are seen outside the British Information Centre on the day of the Iraqi uprising. Mobs attacked and pillaged various British buildings including the Embassy.

These are sad delusions, and they presage more sorrow and more loss before they are finally purged out of our system. Those who still suffer from them ought to read Nasser's own book, which is as relentlessly revealing, in its fashion, as was *Mein Kampf*; and they ought to subject themselves to a course of study, as I have done, of the daily and hourly outpourings of the radio stations which Nasser controls. Propaganda and policy are inextricably mixed in the Arab mind; and there is no objective presentation of factual truth. The constant factors in these broadcasts are hatred of the West (especially Britain), hatred of Israel, a limitless lust for power and an almost hysterical vindictiveness.

It used to be possible, though it was always foolish to ignore these attacks; but several of the more sanguinary threats have now been fulfilled. What Arab, looking at the ruins of the British Embassy in Bagdad, or contemplating the dreadful fate of Nuri es Said and of every man, woman and child of the Hashemite family who fell into the mob's hands, cannot but believe that ours is a lost power and that Gamal Abdul Nasser has won and is likely to go on winning? Is it any wonder that one after another our former friends and allies throughout the world scurry off to Cairo and Damascus to get into Nasser's good graces before it is too late?

Only young King Hussein stood out, and we went to his aid. Whether this was practically prudent was, at the moment the decison was made, extremely questionable; and the argument is not yet resolved. But surely we should have been gravely dishonoured if we had not done our best to answer Hussein's direct and urgent appeal. I have heard it suggested, by none other than the Editor of the *Spectator* in a B.B.C. discussion, that all that was necessary was to send an aircraft to bring him out to safety as quickly as possible. I have also heard it suggested by others, even less charitable and less responsible in their outlook, that we ought merely to have left him to pay, as did his hapless cousins, the harsh penalty for being a Prince and a patriot. The remarkable and encouraging fact is that our action, following so swiftly upon the Americans' similar response to President Chamoun's appeal (carried out, it seems obvious, in defiance and to the extreme exasperation of the Secretary-General of the U.N., who has played a highly idiosyncratic part throughout the whole crisis), did not provoke conflict. It steadied and held the situation. It brought not bombs and gunfire but Mr. Khrushchev's letter, proposing an immediate Summit Conference, and a whole train of interesting and hopeful consequences.

The morning after Mr. Macmillan had announced to a crowded and warmly approving House of Commons the terms of his reply to Mr. Khrushchev's letter, *The Times*, with a candour which did it great credit, began its first leading article with the words, "It all seems a little too good to be true." I hate to put on a gloomy face in the midst of the plaudits, the demonstrations of agreement, the air of festive relief, but I still have deep misgivings. I sat in the Press Gallery listening to Mr. Aneurin Bevan praising Mr. Selwyn Lloyd—how many times did he say that he was "delighted" with what the Government was doing?—and I could hardly believe my ears. For within ten days the political atmosphere, both in our internal politics and in our external relations, had changed in the most dramatic fashion.

Whatever the results of the proposed Summit Conference, whether it is held in New York or anywhere else, whether it is or is not held under the auspices of the United Nations and in accordance with Article 28 of the Charter, there can be no doubt at all that, to quote *The Times* once more, the landing of troops has proved to be "not the end of policy but only a signal for a new appraisal."

I believe this to be quite true and of great significance. My misgivings come from the fact that, in the circumstances in which it has come about and despite all the skill, courage and imperturbability which Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd have demonstrated, this new appraisal is certain to cost us, the British, a great deal. The Soviet Union is now in the Middle East and in for good. This has been achieved in a few years and without any overt conflict with the Western Powers; we have retreated, bargained and retreated once again, always under threat.

The Soviet Union's entry means the total and final displacement of Britain as a Middle East Power. We can no longer hope to be able to safeguard our own oil resources and those of our friends and allies in Western Europe. Unless and until we redevelop the long southern oceanic passage, our communications with Australia and New Zealand are at the mercy of the Soviet Union and its satellite, the United Arab Republic. This is the end of the road which was inevitable for us when we abandoned the Suez Canal Zone base. We shall survive, but poorer, weaker and with our prosperity and our freedom in a good deal graver jeopardy than before.

Because in this final phase ours has been an orderly fighting retreat, with more than one localised counter-attack, it is possible that we may be able to wring some advantages out of our defeat. We may be able to get the Soviet Union and the United States to join France and ourselves—it will not, I fear, be an easy and harmonious arrangement—in some sort of general Middle East settlement. Our terms (and I do not know how skilfully and with what strength we can expound them) ought to include peace between Israel and her Arab neighbours; general Arab acknowledgment of Israel's right to exist in peace and independence within her present boundaries; the reopening of trade and the ending of the Arab economic boycott; the security of Europe's oil at a fair price; and the guarantee of peaceful and unimpeded passage through the Suez Canal of ships of all nations, with access to all the adjacent waters; and port facilities for Jordan at Haifa—all these in addition to the valuable four-point programme which Mr. Aneurin Bevan advanced.

Then, if a settlement somewhat on these lines could be achieved, there might be a hope of a period of relative tranquillity in which the Arabs and the Israelis could learn to live alongside each other, and we could lick our wounds and seek slowly to rebuild some better, more dignified, more honourable relationship with all the peoples of the Middle East.

b

KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN: Wearing civilian clothes, he enters his hilltop palace in Amman to hold a Press conference. At this he announced the assassination of his cousin, King Feisal of Iraq, and other members of the Royal Family. Jordan severed relations with Nasser's United Arab Republic shortly afterwards.

Middle East Crisis

TROOPS SETTLE DOWN IN JORDAN

Oil Supplies Flown In to Meet the Acute Shortage

IN THE STREETS OF AMMAN: British Military Police, who are in Jordan with men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade, talk to a member of the local police. British soldiers have been allowed into the streets

British troops encamped at Amman Airport have been allowed into the town of Amman itself. In spite of some minor incidents, there was no truth in reports from Bagdad Radio last week that British troops had been attacked. It was expected that the paratroops would extend their training to include normal firing practice and other exercises, using facilities provided by the Jordan Army, but joint training with the Jordanians was not contemplated. Brigadier T. C. Pearson, commanding the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade, has been appointed Commander, British Forces in Jordan.

The country's one hope of a rational economic future disappeared with the Bagdad coup. Material as well as military aid was urgently required; America made a gift of about £2,600,000. Particularly acute was the fuel shortage. The absence of usual oil supplies from Beirut led to a steady decline in stocks. When supplies from Bagdad ceased prices soared. The country was then dependent on the American airlift of petrol. This operation encountered unexpected difficulties

BRITISH PARATROOPS: Two soldiers limber-up an anti-tank gun. More of these guns, with some of the troops in Jordan, are in the background. They are encamped near Amman Airport, having been flown in transport aircraft from Cyprus

AT AMMAN AIRPORT: Soldiers carry supplies from a transport aircraft. On left, Bren-gunner (foreground) looks out over part of the British camp at the airport. Three soldiers (centre) set up a rocket-launching bazooka

WITH THEIR EQUIPMENT: Some of the 2,000 British paratroops in Jordan relax in the sun at Amman Airport, surrounded by piles of their equipment. Troops have been allowed to visit the town on short-leave passes. For two nights soldiers were allowed to move freely without arms, except in certain out-of-bounds areas. Later, new regulations were laid down that troops must go in groups of four—one man carrying a pistol and the other three unarmed. There were indications that the troops were settling in for a long stay.

SHORTAGE OF FUEL: Local inhabitants surround a filling station to await supplies of fuel. In Jordan the absence of usual supplies from Beirut, which provided the bulk of the country's fuel, led to a steady decline of stocks over the last months. When traffic from Bagdad ceased, the shortage became acute.

BRINGING FUEL BY AIR: A U.S. Globemaster transport aircraft is unloaded at Amman. Because of difficulties in flying fuel in drums during the heat of the day, the airlift was restricted to the hours of darkness.

ON THE DAY OF THE REVOLT: Military vehicles make their way slowly through the dense crowds in a street in Bagdad, and guards keep watch from the top of a wall of the building in the left background. One of the first actions of the officers who overthrew the Monarchy and proclaimed a republic was to seize control of the radio station. This enabled them to control almost all sources of information for several days. According to reports reaching London last week from eye-witnesses, there were several hours of mob violence round the Palace during which King Feisal and his uncle, the Crown Prince, were killed, Nuri es-Said's house attacked—the Premier himself being killed later—and the British Embassy sacked. A member of the staff was shot dead by a stray bullet. Then the army leaders took full command of the situation and order was soon restored.

SIGNS OF POPULAR FEELING: *Left*—A statue of King Feisal I, the first ruler of Iraq, has been pulled from the plinth round which is written a slogan supporting the revolution. *Right*—Troops stand below what was the base of a statue of General Maude, who captured Bagdad from the Turks in 1917.

The Middle East Crisis

THE COU IN BAGDA

During and After the Uprisin Led by Army Officers

In their appreciation of the situation the planning of their seizure of po the military leaders in Iraq realised vital importance of the fourth servic modern warfare—propaganda. The ra station in Bagdad was one of their objectives. Having successfully seize they were able to keep the world guess for several days about what had re happened. As eye-witnesses of revolution which may prove to have b historic began to leave Iraq last we some idea of the course of events co be pieced together.

The uprising took the world surprise. This is understandable since Middle East is always full of the gra rumours and most observers are cyni about taking any of them too serious On the night of July 13-14 firing was he in the centre of Bagdad. There w two objectives of the revolutionaries—t Royal Palace and the house of the t Prime Minister, Nuri es-Said.

According to one repo King Feisal, Crown Prin Abdul Ilah and membe of the Court came o into the Palace garde were told to withdraw the troops surround them, refused to do and instead opened fi Then followed the hel caust in which the Pala was looted and burnt the King and his unc murdered, their bodi being mutilated and pu licly displayed.

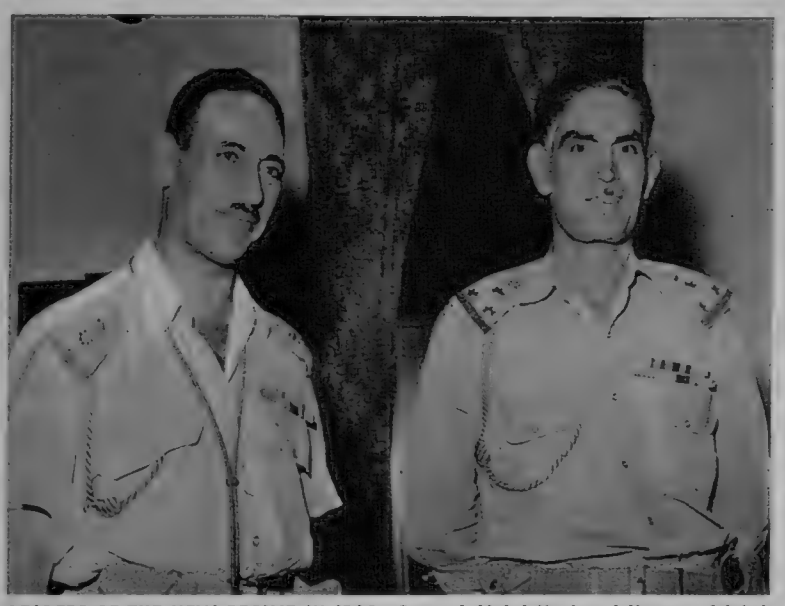
Nuri es-Said, say seve accounts, escaped from h house when it was attacked, but was caug disguised as a wom and either before or af his death his body w subjected to many indig ties. What does emer from the various stor of the end of the Ir monarchy and its adviser is that a furious mob ra riot for several hours, w the inevitable results mob violence. It was in th period that popular feelin vented itself in attac on the British Embas Then the army took contr and order was restor

MEN OF THE MOMENT: The armoured car patrolling in Bagdad carries on its front portraits of General Abdul Karim el Kassem (left), the new Premier, who instigated the revolt, and of Colonel Nasser.

THE SYMBOL OF ARAB UNITY: Students hold up an embroidered portrait of the President of United Arab Republic, which was one of the first foreign States to recognise the new Governm in Iraq. During the days of the revolt bands of youths marched in Bagdad chanting Nasser's na

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE: *Above*—The walls of the exterior are blackened as result of the mob raging through the building, sacking and burning. *Below left*—Some idea of the fury of the rioters can be obtained from the picture of a room in the Palace in which fittings have been smashed and trampled on the ground.

MAINTAINING ORDER: Pointing their weapons a military picket keeps guard outside the entrance to the wrecked Royal Palace in which King Feisal and the Crown Prince Abdul Ilah were assassinated.



LEADERS OF THE NEW REGIME IN IRAQ: General Abdul Karim el Kassem (right) is the Prime Minister and Brigadier Abdul Salem Aref, the Deputy-Prime Minister. The Premier commanded the infantry brigade which took a leading part in the revolution. He received some of his military training in Britain.

CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF SOVEREIGNTY: General Najib el Rubaii holds this position. The Council has two other members—one military, the other civilian—and in it is understood to be vested the function of Head of State. General Rubaii is a Muslim and reputedly of scholarly and ascetic character.

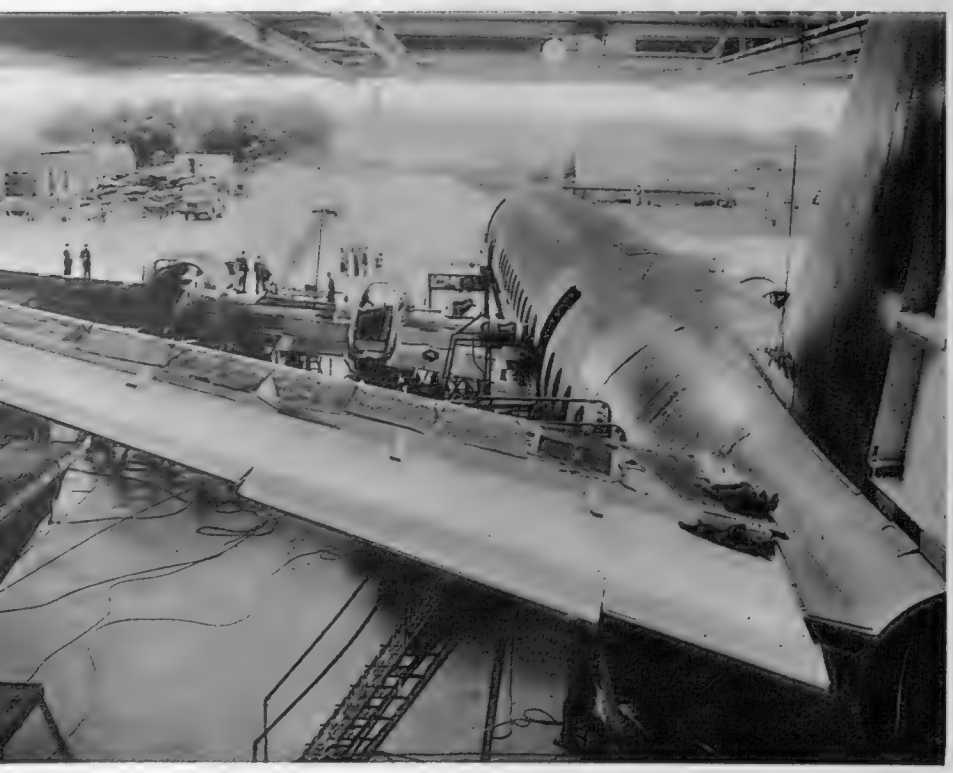
VICTORIOUS REVOLUTIONARY TROOPS: A group of soldiers adopts belligerent attitudes but in apparent friendly and almost casual manner. There were reports last week that in some parts of Iraq there was opposition to the Kassem Government but it was believed that the bulk of the Iraqi Army supported the revolution.

THE FORMER PREMIER'S RESIDENCE: A crowd presses round the gates of the house of Nuri es-Said, who was reported to have been killed after he had escaped and disguised himself as a woman.

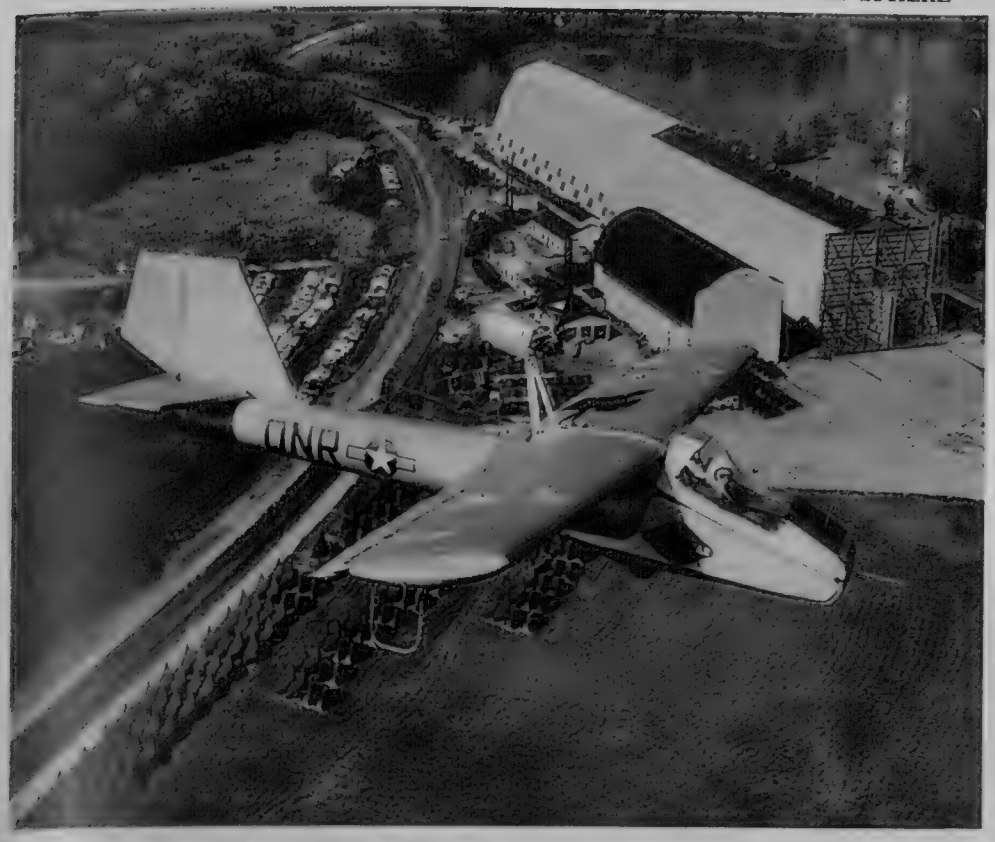
A DEVELOPMENT OF THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS VANGUARD AIRLINER: Under construction at Weybridge, in Surrey, is this aircraft designed for short and medium-length stages. A developed version with increased payload will provide 139 seats in a "thrift" class layout; direct operating costs in Europe will be reduced to about 2d. per seat/mile over a 250-mile stage length. This is claimed to be the most economical seat/mile cost offered by such a type of aircraft. The Vanguard also has exceptional freight-hold volume. With 65 per cent. of its seats occupied, it will be able to carry 10,000 lb. of freight. Designed to meet the stiff competition in medium haul airline networks, the first of the Vanguards is due to be delivered to B.E.A. in the spring of 1960. Already six of these aircraft are under construction on the line at Weybridge, and the first is due to fly next November. The engines are four Rolls-Royce Tyne 500-series turboprops, specially designed for the aircraft. Testing of this engine began in April of 1955 and already more than 5,000 hours have been accumulated on the test-bed and in the air. The Vanguard's design is intended to ensure a long fatigue life; multiple load paths throughout the aircraft mean that even if a fatigue crack should appear, the result would not be total failure. In order to provide large freight capacity, the fuselage is of the double-bubble type. Offered in a freighter version with strengthened floors, the Vickers Vanguard will possess an above-floor freight space of 5,690 cu. ft. The total volumetric capacity for freight, above and below the floor, will thus be 7,050 cu. ft.

CUTTING COSTS IN THE AIR

Increased Seating Capacity in the Vanguard Airliner

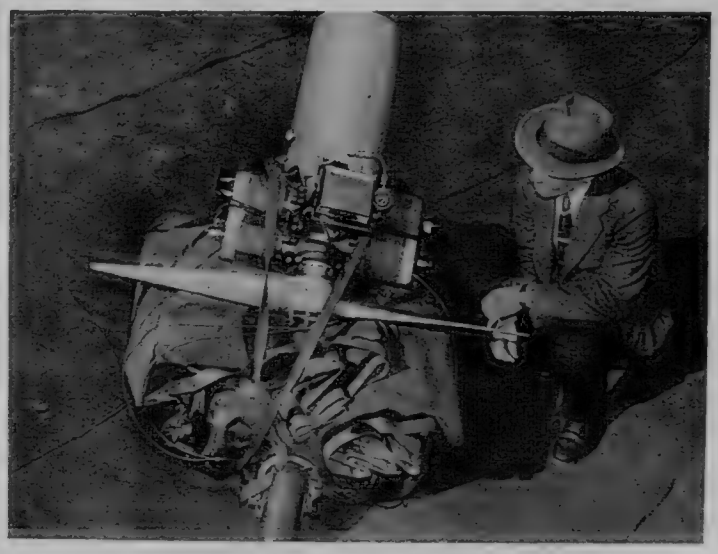


UNDER CONSTRUCTION: Workmen fit flight-deck instrumentation in the cockpit of the Vanguard. A jig (bottom centre) is adjusted while fitting an air intake fairing. *On left*—Work progresses on the tailplane. The aircraft will cruise at 425 m.p.h.



AN INFLATABLE PLANE: In flight near Akron, in Ohio, in America, is the Inflatoplane, made of rubberised airmat fabric. The aircraft has been developed for the U.S. Office of Naval Research by the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation. It is easily inflated by an air pump, and is powered by a 45-h.p. engine.

READY TO BE PUMPED UP: The Inflatoplane is laid out flat on the ground before it is filled with air. *Below*—The designer, Bruce Bain, looks at the aircraft packed into a bundle, with engine and wheels.



INGENUITY IN AIRCRAFT AND MISSILE

An Inflatable Aircraft and an Anti-Tank Guided Missile

On left—

A NEW ANTI-TANK WEAPON: A Vickers 891 missile is about to be inserted into its combined canister and launcher. The folding lid provides the required launching angle. This surface-to-surface missile for use in anti-tank warfare is a small completely guided weapon, which can be carried, set up and fired by one man without any special technical skill. Three components comprise the system—a missile in a portable launching canister, a hand-sized control device, and an optical sight. The missile itself is 33 ins. long, and with the canister weighs about 40 lb. It is electrically fired and is propelled by a solid fuel motor. Lift and control is provided by a cruciform of wings.

TRANSPORTING THE WEAPON: An infantryman with the canister in his hand moves into position. *On right*—Propelled by its solid fuel motor, the missile is guided towards the target by its operator who peers through the optical viewer. The launching canister is pointing in the direction of the target. The use of an optical guidance system ensures great accuracy. In flight the Vickers 891 missile is controlled by guidance signals transmitted through a thin wire which is unwound from a coil inside the box.

MELBOURNE'S NEW FEATURES

Fresh Buildings in the Second Largest City of Australia

THE ROUTE INTO THE CENTRE OF MELBOURNE: Running from the centre foreground St. Kilda Road has on the right the Police Training School and Prince Henry's Hospital, of which the tall buildings have recently been rebuilt. Beyond the hospital are Victoria Barracks. The Shrine of Remembrance to the dead of the two world wars is on the left of the bend.

HOUSING DEVELOPMENT: The multi-storey dwellings have been erected on the old Ascot Yale racecourse and are near the famous present racing centre of Melbourne at Flemington.

CONTRASTS IN OLD AND NEW: St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral in foreground was largely built in the latter half of the last century. To the left immediately behind is St. Peter's Anglican Church. Towards the right background the new white building is St. Vincent's Hospital with, behind, the Exhibition Building for the Great Exhibition of 1881.

MELBOURNE was founded in the 1830's and named after the British Prime Minister of the day. Unlike some Australian cities it was never a penal settlement. From its inception it was a free community and for nearly a century and a half it has expanded along the coast and on both sides of the River Yarra. The capital of the State of Victoria—it became the chief town in 1851—has always been spacious. Although to-day the ever-increasing population demands more working premises and homes, careful planning continues to be the keynote of all building development.

The wide tree-lined thoroughfares such as St. Kilda Road and Victoria Street are familiar to all who make even a brief visit to Melbourne. Among the older buildings are St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral and the Exhibition Building. The former was erected during the latter part of the nineteenth century, except for the spire which is an addition of about twenty-five years ago. The latter housed the Great Exhibition of 1881. In 1901 it was the scene of one of the most important occasions in the whole of Australian history when the first Federal Parliament of the newly-created Commonwealth was opened within its walls by the Duke of York (later King George V).

To-day between the Exhibition Building and the Cathedral, in the area of Victoria Street and Albert Street, are three new landmarks which are nearing completion. One is part of St. Vincent's Hospital, functionally white and aseptic. The other two, which are still surrounded by scaffolding, are the block of offices for various Commonwealth Government departments and the building for the Imperial Chemical Industries.

Melbourne houses a number of Federal departments. For instance, on St. Kilda Road, just beyond the recent new buildings of the Prince Henry Hospital, are Victoria Barracks—the offices of the three Commonwealth Service Ministers. Nearby is the Federal Repatriation Department. The I.C.I. building when it is finished will be making architectural history in Melbourne. Until recently, the local authorities refused to allow any structure over 150 ft. in height. The ban was waived for the I.C.I. and the skyscraper of glass and concrete of twenty storeys will be some 250 ft. tall. The Zinc Corporation has recently received a licence to construct to much the same height and it is expected that others will be permitted to follow this precedent. But the authorities are taking great care to ensure that the city does not lose its atmosphere of spaciousness and that the many parks and public gardens are not hemmed in.

Another familiar landmark in Melbourne is The Shrine of Remembrance standing between St. Kilda Road and the Botanical Gardens. The original domed building which commemorates the dead of the First World War was opened by the Duke of Gloucester in 1934. The addition of the Memorial for the dead of the Second World War—the forecourt with its monolith beneath which burns the Eternal Flame—was opened by the Queen during her tour of Australia four-and-a-half years ago. In this area, too, there are many fine new buildings.

DITIONS TO THE LANDMARKS IN THE EVER-GROWING CAPITAL OF VICTORIA: In extreme left foreground is scaffolding round the new I.C.I. building which will be the highest in Melbourne. In right foreground work is still in progress on St. Vincent's Hospital. In centre where Latrobe Street forks left from Victoria Parade, the uncompleted building will be Federal Government offices. Behind it in the background is the tall headquarters of the Victoria Police Force, with, to right, the low white Emily McPherson School of Domestic Science. The second largest city in Australia, Melbourne had 1,649,000 inhabitants in the census of 1956. By 1960 it is anticipated the inhabitants may number 2,000,000.

The Melbourne authorities embarked on an ambitious ilding programme when it was decided that the city ould be the venue for the Olympic Games in 1956. ut even without the Games, expansion and additions ould have been necessary, for the simple reason that the opulation is rapidly growing. Ten years ago the inhabitants mbered 1,200,000. The census for 1956 showed a total 1,649,000 (two-thirds of the population of the State of ctoria), and by 1960 it is anticipated that the citizens ay aggregate 2,000,000, so fast is the rate of increase. Thus it is obvious that besides public buildings, and fice blocks, Melbourne must add to its dwellings. Many new housing estates are rising in the suburbs. Ascot Vale, which is pictured on these pages, is a good example. The style of the buildings, here as elsewhere, is multi-storeyed. Thus the maximum number of people are accommodated in the minimum space. The site is a former racecourse. But the local inhabitants can scarcely grumble that they have been deprived of a favourite pastime, for the famous Flemington course, a well-known racing centre, is nearby.

Altogether in the past two years it is estimated that Melbourne has built more than 53,000 houses and flats, which represents about a third of the total for the whole of Australia. Since the state of Victoria has in the same period spent over £38,000,000 on factory development, largely in the Melbourne area, it can be assumed that most of the citizens are engaged in industrial work.

A teeming, thriving community, Melbourne offers a splendid example for town planners. Experiments elsewhere in the world in shape, size and even colour of buildings have been carefully studied and the wisest conclusions drawn. The traffic problem is being met by the construction of wide, main streets and the provision of ample car parks. Without doubt, the city can be proud of the manner in which it is growing and developing.

DOG SHOWS ARE HIGHLY ORGANISED

The Industry of Dog-breeding is Subject to the Dictates of Fashion

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE first recorded dog show was held in Newcastle in 1859. It was not a big show—there were only fifty entries, all sporting dogs (twenty-seven setters and twenty-three pointers)—but it gave birth to an industry which has gone from strength to strength, until to-day some 2,000 dog shows are held annually in Great Britain. I suppose it is too late now, but really the dog show world ought, in gratitude, to stage a bumper centenary celebration show in Newcastle in 1959.

Some people, simple and devoted dog-lovers, may, I suspect, object to my use of the word "industry" in connection with the dog, "man's best friend." They will maintain that dog shows are no more than gatherings of dog-lovers, pure and simple—men and women eager to show off their pets and to whom the winning of a prize, though gratifying, is a secondary consideration. There can be no argument about the thousands who attend dog shows, they are undoubtedly dog-lovers. I will not quibble about the word "pure" in connection with the exhibitors: the vast majority of the men and women who exhibit at dog shows are undoubtedly dog-lovers. But "simple"? Oh dear me, no. This is a highly competitive world, in which the simple would go to the wall in double-quick time.

Let us accept the simple truth. The dog show is the shop-window of the dog-breeding world, and dog-breeding is every whit as much an industry as thoroughbred-breeding or cattle-breeding. The only difference is that it has a shop-window which is more highly organised and controlled than most. There is certainly no show of comparable size so efficiently organised as Cruft's, which is beyond dispute the leading dog show in the world. That puts to shame even the great shows run by acknowledged "industrialists" as shop-windows for their products.

You may think from all this that I am an enthusiastic dog show man, and that I never lose an opportunity of going to a dog show. Let me make it clear straightaway that I do not like dog shows, and that the only dog show to which I normally go in the course of a year is Cruft's. And the reason that I do not like dog shows is, oddly enough, that I love dogs.

But I have recently been to two Championship shows: the Windsor and the South Wales Kennel Association. (The latter, by the way, used to be known as the "Welsh National," and is still so-called by most Welshmen, and I wonder why that title has been dropped, for that is, in fact, what it is—the only Championship show held in Wales.) Both these are open-air shows and both are held in wonderful settings: the former within the shadow of Windsor Castle, the latter in Llandaff Fields. This makes a great difference. I think that a reporter was exaggerating when, after visiting a big show, he wrote: "Yesterday I spent the afternoon in a hall seething with ill-will." But no one familiar with dog shows—and I was once very familiar with them—could deny, hand on heart, that he had not got a whiff of something. In a confined space one cannot but be aware that there is a good deal of jealousy, that unsuccessful competitors are not always careful to conceal their disappointment and are not always sparing in voicing it and their criticisms. Somehow, in the open air, one is not so aware of this. Anyway at Windsor and at Cardiff I had two jolly good days and enjoyed myself immensely.

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW AT OLYMPIA: In this general view of the hall in London, competitors are seen showing their entries in the judging rings. Held every year, normally in the second week of February, Cruft's is the leading dog show in this country, well over 6,000 dogs being entered. The British Royal Family have frequently been exhibitors at the show, which was founded as long ago as 1886 by Charles Cruft.

But not watching dogs. You can learn something about dogs at a dog show: at the very least, if you are going to buy a pedigree puppy, you can get a pretty accurate idea of what it is going to look like when it has grown up, and that is the one thing that you can never be certain about with a mongrel puppy. But I no longer require this sort of information. Although I am well aware of what the dog show has done for the dog-breeder, what strikes me most forcibly at a dog show is what the dog-breeder has done to the dog.

In the Natural History Museum, in London, there is a large showcase which presents a wide range of the various breeds of dog. It was set up about forty years ago. The labels bear the names of to-day, but in many instances there is little or no resemblance between the animal of to-day and the animal of forty years ago: only the name has not been altered. It is a matter of opinion, of course. My own is that in most cases the change has not been for the better. Going to a dog show, and remembering that showcase in South Kensington, I feel uncomfortable. I have a vague sense of shame at what man has done to his best friend.

There are two sides to this question. Some breeds would long since have disappeared, or would now be very rare, had they been kept solely for their original purpose. They have survived, and some of them have become immensely popular, only because the breeders have ignored their original purpose in life altogether. This is especially true of certain sporting breeds which have been turned, in a very short space of time, into household pets; their appearance altered almost beyond recognition, their sporting instincts submerged or obliterated. It is just as well. We are an urban race. A dog "game for fox" could be a serious embarrassment in Mayfair or Cheltenham Spa. In this, the breeders are to be commended.

But it does not end there. In all other forms of live-stock, the breeder, having attained an ideal, an animal which perfectly fits its purpose, is content. He knows the best when he sees it, and is then content if he can breed to it. He does not attempt the impossible. So the Derby winner of to-day looks pretty much the same as the Derby winner of forty years ago. The dog-breeder has not stopped because (a very few breeds such as the pointer excepted) he has not attained an ideal and never will. He cannot do so because dogs are fashionable and are subject to the dictates of fashion. The breeder of a popular variety (and what makes one variety more popular than another at any given time is something that nobody can fathom) has to consider the feminine prejudice, since women are the chief owners of pet dogs, almost as closely as does the dress-designer. Unfortunately, the mistakes in dog styles cannot be discarded quite as quickly as the "New Look" or "Sack Line."

So, when I go to a dog show, I look more closely at the humans than at the dogs. John Tickner has pointed out that "many dog people have an even more peculiar action than horse people, and are therefore particularly well worth staring at." You may find that difficult to believe (and I don't blame you) but it is a very shrewd observation. The dogs are usually much of a muchness—it must, at a Championship show, be very difficult indeed to choose between them—but the exhibitors are just about as different as can be. One might sometimes be forgiven for imagining that it is the exhibitors who are on show and competing—particularly in the obedience classes. The dogs often look indescribably bored: their owners never. This is the breath of life for them.

I do not like dog shows. But I do like dog people, even those who go from show to show like itinerant tennis-players from tournament to tournament. They have a quite remarkable enthusiasm and a wonderful courtesy to strangers. I have never yet met an exhibitor or an official who was not ready and willing to answer questions or just to talk dogs. It may be a business, undoubtedly it is, but it is also an all-absorbing passion.

And this is even more noticeable in the crowds. They come from all walks of life, and include an astonishing number of elderly ladies. Most of them have no intention whatever of buying a pedigree puppy: many of them would aspire no higher than a mongrel from the local dogs' home. They are not particularly interested in judging and have no profound knowledge of "points." They come because they love dogs and they are overjoyed if they can pat one. The Cardiff show faced the competition of the Empire Games and I do not know how the crowd compared with those of previous years, but the entry was the biggest in the history of the show, and I suspect that the crowd was also a record one, despite all sorts of exciting things happening within a few hundred yards. For these people the spaniel held a greater attraction than the sprinter, the poodle than the pole-vaulter. This must have been the most colourful crowd ever to attend a dog show in Britain. Love of dogs, it was clear, is not confined to the English.

Yet it is all very odd. The numbers of dog-breeders seem to increase year by year; year by year Cruft's gets bigger and bigger, and the crowds at dog shows all over the country get larger and larger. But the number of dog owners in Britain shrinks year by year.

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N THE BAY OF NAPLES: Small craft are lined up on the beach at Vico Equense, on the south-west coast of Italy. Off the north extremity of the famous bay are the islands of Ischia and Procida. To the south is Capri.

arinthia, with comfortable bathing conditions in its arm-water lakes. My own favourite is the Woerthersee, ith Velden and Poertschach as recommended resorts. eptember, too, is a good month in which to visit Vienna. ith its many cultural interests this is a delightful city which to dawdle. And is there any more happy perience in Europe than to partake in an Heuriger party Grinzing, Sievering or Nussdorf, with wine, song and lity making you forget about all the world's worries ?

Sightseeing in Italy during the very hot summer months far too exhausting to suit my taste. But in the autumn nditions are physically far pleasanter. This is a good ne, therefore, to visit Rome, Florence and Venice, while also recommend Siena and Perugia. Then if you wish to beside the sea, I discovered the other day a particularly ce hotel at Vico Equense the Bay of Naples. Bath- g conditions are satis- ctory, and this particular tel has its own private ach. Both food and rvice are excellent. Men- on must also be made of e Italian lakes, where you n get peace and satisfac- on at Fasano on Lake arda, Stresa on Lake aggiore, and Bellagio on ake Como—some of the her resorts along this last- med lake's side can be ther noisy.

Northern Spain, despite reputation for rain, is a easant part of the country r the motorist. The roads e good and carry little affic, the scenery in many rts is superb, there are any interesting towns, d there is satisfactory tel accommodation in veral places, including a mber of the excellent *radores*. A circular nerary could be along the astal road to the west, turning by an inland route. Santander would be a pleasant place in which to stay for those without cars. There is a weekly air service between Southend and Santander which continues until October 4.

Across the frontier, in Portugal, I think that Viana do Castelo should be considered. There is a good hotel overlooking this picturesque " museum " town which is rich in medieval domestic architecture, while running inland is the valley of the Lima, offering as lovely scenery as you can find in Europe. The sea, too, is close by. Then there is also Estoril, with its entertaining life and lovely position, and conveniently situated for visits to Lisbon and other places of interest in the neighbourhood.

Yugoslavia merits a couple of recommendations : the islands of Rab and Opatija. The former will appeal to those who like a quite unconventional spot, with facilities for bathing, sailing and walking. The port itself is colourful. Opatija is more conventional, but I include it because its leading hotel is quite the best on the Dalmatian coast. The resort itself is lively, with opportunities for interesting excursions, and the climate is mild.

Finally, the two following air tours organised by Wings Ltd. (48, Park Road, N.W.1), give wonderful value. They will chiefly interest late holiday-makers for both only start operation at the end of September or early October. The first provides a 12-day tour to Tenerife, in the Canaries, with breaks of journey on the way out at Gibraltar and in the homeward direction at Madrid. The inclusive price is 67 gns., which compares with the normal air return fare, without accommodation, of over £89. The second is a 10-day Hellenic air tour, with a day in Rome on the outward journey and another in Naples on the return. The inclusive price of 57 gns. compares with the normal return air fare of over £100.

NEWS FROM PARIS

Malmaison, home of Josephine, has long been a favourite with the British for its delightful gardens and memories of Napoleon and his first wife. It has an annexe, the Château de Bois-Préau, built in 1740. This delightful little house has just been opened to the public for the first time and is now filled with souvenirs of the unfortunate King of Rome. It can be visited from 10 to 12 a.m. and from 2 to 5 p.m. every day, Tuesdays excepted, and is a short bus ride from Paris.

Paris has now a new " Sound and Light " performance. The background is the Courtyard of Honour of the Hôtel des Invalides and the theme " The Return of the Ashes of Napoleon." The text relates to events in 1840; the band and the Napoleonic Battery of the Republican Guard provide the musical accompaniment and " noises off," including the actual calls sounded at Austerlitz, Jena and Wagram. The performance is given twice nightly (until the end of October), at 10 and 11 p.m., and lasts 50 minutes. Admission is Frs. 300, except for Fridays, when it rises to Frs. 1,000.

The Jeu de Paume Museum in Paris, in the Tuileries Gardens, has just been reopened after a long closure for repairs. The collections of Impressionists are back again, and are now seen under perfect lighting conditions which can be varied according to the amount of daylight available. An interesting novelty is the frameless showing of Monet's pictures, which are simply let into the wall.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Austria	
Poertschach	PRÜLLER
Velden	SCHLOSSHOTEL
Vienna	EUROPE
Belgium	
Bouillon	DE LA POSTE
Denmark	
Gudhjem	JANTZEN'S
France	
Champagnole	RIPOTOT
Chenonceaux	BON LABOUREUR
Evian-les-Bains	LA VERNIAZ
Eze-bord-de-Mer	CAP ESTEL
Germany	
Bernkastel	DREI KÖNIGE
Cochem	GERMANIA
Neustadt	REGINA
Holland	
Goes	KORENBEURS
Veere	DE CAMPVEERSE TOREN
Italy	
Bellagio	VILLA SERBELLONI
Fasano	BELLA RIVA
Stresa	BRISTOL
Vico Equense	LE AXIDIE
Liechtenstein	
Vaduz	SONNENHOF
Luxembourg	
Vianden	HEINZ
Norway	
Lillehammer	SJUSJÖEN
Portugal	
Estoril	ATLANTICO
Viana do Castelo	SANTA LUZIA
Spain	
Santander	SARDINERO
Sweden	
Rattvik	SILJANSBORG
Switzerland	
Ascona	CASA TAMARO
Appenzell	HECHT
Lausanne	BEAU RIVAGE
Lucerne	SCHWEIZERHOF
Locarno	PARK
Lugano	SPLENDIDE
St. Gall	HECHT
Vevey	TROIS COURONNES
Yugoslavia	
Opatija	KVARNER
Rab	IMPERIAL

CHISWICK HOUSE

This Eighteenth-century Villa at Chiswick, in Middlesex, has been Restored by the Ministry of Works

THE MAIN FRONT: Elaborate double staircases, each decorated with ten stone urns, lead up to the entrance of the two-storey portico on the East Front of Chiswick House. The villa has been restored by the Ministry of Works and is open to the public.

Chiswick House was built as a country place convenient to London by Lord Burlington after his second Italian tour. Work on the villa was begun in 1725 and was completed shortly after 1729, the date carved on the chimney-pieces in the Red Velvet Room. The villa was modelled on the sixteenth-century Villa Capra, near Vicenza, by Palladio and partly on some villas by Scamozzi.

In 1948, the Ministry of Works agreed to accept Chiswick House from Middlesex County Council; the building had been empty for some time and was urgently in need of repair. The dome was unsafe, roofs leaked, and beetle and severe dry-rot were present in the roof timbers. Measures were taken against further deterioration. It was found that the wings which James Wyatt had added north and south of the villa in 1788 were found to be so badly decayed that they had to be demolished. The north and south walls of the villa itself were then carefully reconstructed to the original design, which included large windows in the centre of these fronts.

Inside a great deal of work was carried out to preserve the original features. The decorative plaster work on the ceilings has been restored and the gilding cleaned. Taking about ten years, the work has cost over £100,000. In the future it is hoped to restore the garden architecture and the Link Building and Summer Parlour, depending on sufficent funds being available.

THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER: The lead-covered octagonal dome is flanked on either side by four chimney-stacks. These have been restored to their original form in imitation of obelisks. This form of decoration was much used for villas built in Northern Italy.

THE RED VELVET ROOM: This room was so-called from its original wall covering, which has now been replaced by red flock wallpaper. *On left*—The ceiling depicts Mercury gazing down on the figures of Architecture, Painting and Sculpture. *On right*—Over the chimney-piece is a painting of Venus and Cupid by Sebastiano Ricci.

THE BLUE VELVET ROOM: Above the ornate gilded doorway on the left, which leads to the Red Velvet Room, is a painting of Alexander Pope by Kent. The painting (right) is of Inigo Jones and is by Dobson. The ceilng is richly ornamented.

THE GALLERY OF CHISWICK HOUSE: In this view can be seen one of the two gilded semi-domes and the statues of Mercury and Venus standing in their niches. Work on the villa was started in 1725 by Richard Boyle, 3rd Earl of Burlington, after one of his visits to Italy.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE OPENING SESSION OF THE BAGDAD PACT MINISTERIAL COUNCIL IN LONDON: Mr. Firoz Khan Noon (left), the Pakistani Prime Minister, and Mr. M. S. A. Baig, the Pakistani Foreign Minister, sit together at the conference of the Bagdad powers at Lancaster House.

ARRIVAL FOR THE PACT MEETINGS: Dr. Eqbal, the Prime Minister of Persia, stands with Mr. Macmillan at London Airport. The former had been delayed in his flight and his aircraft did not land until the early hours of the morning. When the Ministerial meeting of the Bagdad powers began in private session last Monday morning at Lancaster House, there were two main subjects on the agenda. One was the position of Iraq under its new Government, the other the question of the Summit meeting on the Middle East.

LEADER OF THE DELEGATION FROM ANKARA: Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Premier, walks from London Airport with Mr. Sandys, the Minister of Defence, who welcomed him on behalf of Mr. Macmillan.

BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd arrives at No. 10, Downing Street for talks with Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Dulles.

MILITARY ADVISERS AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE: The Chief of the Turkish General Staff is with Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir William Dickson, Chief of the Defence Staff.

WATCHING AND WAITING ON IMPORTANT POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS: A crowd lines the pavement in front of the Foreign Office, in Downing Street. The onlookers saw Mr. Dulles arrive for his preparatory talks with Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.

A TURKISH DEMONSTRATION REGARDING CYPRUS AT LONDON AIRPORT: Some of the large crowd of Turks who had gathered to welcome Mr. Menderes try to break through the barrier. Besides flags, banners demanding Partition in Cyprus were carried.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PRINCESS MARGARET IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: After her arrival by seaplane at Kelowna she stands with (from left) Mr. Frank Mackenzie Ross, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia; Mr. W. A. C. Bennett, Premier, and Mr. R. F. Parkinson, Mayor of Kelowna. The Princess spent four days in Kelowna and opened the new road bridge across Okanagan Lake. Later, she went to Vancouver to conclude her tour of the Province. The Princess is also visiting other parts of Canada.

ROYAL VISIT TO A RODEO: During her visit to Canada, Princess Margaret attends a Rodeo at Williams Lake, in British Columbia. From the Royal Box she looks down to watch a demonstration of bronco-busting. At Williams Lake the Princess also rode in an 1898 stage-coach drawn by a team of horses.

On right—

AT THE ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT WHITE CITY: Pat Smythe, on Mr. Pollard, is taking a two-bar barrier in the Jorrocks Stakes. Earlier in the show Miss Smythe, also riding Mr. Pollard, had won the Queen Elizabeth II International Cup for Lady Riders for the first time. In the British team in the Prince of Wales Cup she rode Flanagan.

AN AMERICAN TRIUMPH AT THE WHITE CITY: In the International Team Competition, the United States team wins the Prince of Wales Cup. The members of the team, from left, are G. Norris on Night Owl, F. Chapot on Diament, H. Wiley on Nautical and W. Steinkraus on Ksar d'Esprit. Great Britain finished second and Ireland third. In the contest for individual riders Mr. Wiley won the King George V Cup from the holder, Captain Piero d'Inzeo, of Italy.

A SENSATIONAL FINISH TO AN IMPORTANT RACE: At the finish of the final of the men's 120 yards hurdles event at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games at Cardiff, Keith Gardner (Jamaica) heads the tape to win in the record-equalling time of 14 seconds. On the inside track J. J. Swart (South Africa) has fallen on his back at the tape. He was placed sixth. Swart appealed against this decision and after the judges had a closer examination of a photograph of the finish, the runner was awarded second place. *On left*—A general view of the closing ceremony, the dipping of the flags, in Cardiff Arms Park, where Sir Arthur Porrit, chairman of the Empire Games Federation, presented the ceremonial Games flag to the Lord Mayor of Cardiff until such time as it should be delivered to the Lord Mayor of Perth, Western Australia, where the Games of 1962 are to be held.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. KHRUSHCHEV AT SOVIET AVIATION DAY: The Russian Prime Minister sits with Marshal Voroshilov, President of the Soviet Union, and Mr. Mikoyan, a Deputy-Premier, watching the annual air display at Tushina Airport, near Moscow. ***On right*****—A mass descent is made on the airfield by parachutists, many of them women.** A feature of this year's show was the absence of military aircraft, the accent being entirely on developments in civil aviation. The "Flying Table," reported to be the Soviet version of the British "Flying Bedstead" V.T.O.L. (vertical take-off and landing) aircraft, attracted great attention. There were also demonstrations by gliders, helicopters and training planes and displays by "stunt" fliers. Mr. Khrushchev had reason to look serious as he watched the programme for he was awaiting the reply to his proposal for a Summit Conference to discuss the Middle East. On the following day he received Mr. Macmillan's suggestion for a meeting at top level within United Nations framework.

THE MARRIAGE OF A YORKSHIRE GIRL TO A MALAYAN: Miss Valerie Dearing, of Rotherham, wears her Malayan-style wedding dress at the engagement ceremony in Kuala Lumpur on the day before her wedding to Inche Ikmal Hisham Albakri, an architect in the Public Works Department. They first met at Sheffield University in 1955. Miss Dearing, who is aged twenty-two, arrived in Malaya two months ago and became a Muslim. At the engagement ceremony prayers for the health and prosperity of the couple were offered by relatives and friends, and the certificate of marriage was signed by the bride and bridegroom before a religious official, the chief Kahti.

THE RECOVERY OF THE NOSE CONE OF AN AMERICAN GUIDED MISSILE: United States naval frogmen row their rubber dinghy towards the "brains" of a Jupiter intermediate-range ballistic missile in the Atlantic Ocean. On right is a balloon which was part of the recovery gear. The Jupiter had been fired from the testing ground at Cape Canaveral and was the third to be recovered by the navy after launchings of this type of missile. No details were given about its performance beyond a statement that with this recovery "the problem of warhead protection has been solved." Last Saturday a Jupiter-C was successful in carrying a third American Satellite (Explorer IV) into space.

AT THE WEDDING IN KUALA LUMPUR: Bride and bridegroom are seen during the "sitting in state" ceremony of their marriage celebrations attended by 400 guests in the Federal capital.

MARCHING THROUGH HOLLAND: Led by a bagpiper, a group of Scottish soldiers marches along a road to the north of Nijmegen, in Holland. They were taking part in the four-day marches endurance test in and around Nijmegen, in the province of Gelderland. Over 14,000 competitors entered for the contest, during which they had to march specified distances each day on routes to and from Nijmegen. Troops of different nationalities and many civilians took part. Distances up to about 30 miles a day were covered, according to age groups, and, for soldiers, the amount of equipment carried. The contest has taken place in the Netherlands nearly every year in the last week of July for the past thirty years. If the competitors fulfil the required regulations, they are presented with a medal.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ONE OF THE OLDEST AQUATIC EVENTS IN THE WORLD: With St. Paul's Cathedral dominating the skyline, launches packed with spectators follow the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge above Blackfriars Bridge, on the Thames in London. Over the five miles from London Bridge to Chelsea, R. G. Crouch (East Greenwich) soon established a lead and won comfortably in 32 mins. 6 secs. from T. A. Darsey (Belvedere). Thomas Doggett founded the race in 1715 for watermen, just out of their apprenticeship.

A DIRECT RADIO-TELEPHONE LINK WITH SUDAN: From the Post Office Headquarters in London the Postmaster-General, Mr. Ernest Marples, sitting in the centre of the table, inaugurates a new means of communication between Britain and Sudan. Sitting on his right are H.E. Sayed Awad Satti, the Sudanese Ambassador, and Colonel MacMillan, Director of External Telecommunications Executive. On the left of the Postmaster-General are Sir Edwin Chapman, United Kingdom Ambassador to the Sudan, and Lord Ebbisham, President of the London Chamber of Commerce.

On right—

THE VICTORIA CROSS DINNER: The Rev. A. H. Proctor, V.C., of Leicester (left), and the Rev. G. H. Woolley, V.C., of East Grinstead, talk together at the newly-formed Victoria Cross Association's first annual dinner held in London. The Duke of Gloucester was the principal guest. There were also present Mr. Duncan Sandys, Earl Alexander of Tunis, Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle and Mrs. Odette Hallows. The Duke of Gloucester described the gathering as being "the most distinguished company that can be imagined."

A GATHERING OF "OUTSTANDING COURAGE": A view of some of the holders of the Victoria Cross at their first annual dinner. In the middle of the top table sits the Duke of Gloucester. Also there were forty associate members who hold the George Cross.

ELIMINATING A RAILWAY BOTTLENECK TO THE NORTH: The northbound *Flying Scotsman* emerges at speed from a quarter-mile-long tunnel to the south of Hadley Wood Station, Middlesex, where work is in progress on the construction of a new tunnel to eliminate the bottleneck between New Barnet, Hertfordshire, and Potter's Bar, Middlesex, on the main railway line between King's Cross and the North. In between the two stations the line tapers from four roads to two. In addition to new tunnels, Hadley Wood Station is being completely remodelled on modern lines, as is Potter's Bar.

A MECHANICAL DIGGER USED IN ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS: While the digger removes piles of soil, work proceeds on some of the walls found during archæological work at Cirencester. The risk of using a mechanical excavator was taken in an attempt to finish the work before the building of a new health clinic on the site started. Since time was so short, the Ministry of Works Ancient Monuments representative was forced to use the digger not only for removing the topsoil, but also for "trowel trenching." Cirencester, an important Roman town, has other scheduled areas not yet overbuilt and not yet archæologically investigated.

TAKING WORK TO WORKERS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

"THERE is, for example, the island of Lewis and Harris, where the 1,500 people unemployed are over 30 per cent. of the insured population. An examination has been made of the areas recently identified as having a serious and continuing unemployment problem. They account for nearly 21 per cent. of the national total of wholly unemployed, although their employees are less than 8 per cent. of the total in Great Britain."

Mr. Derick Heathcoat-Amory, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said this last month when he was delivering a progress report—largely an optimistic one—about the current state of the British economy. He was pinpointing an industrial problem that this spring worried the Government enough to lead it into specific legislation—as it has indeed worried other Governments during much of the last twenty-five years. The Distribution of Industry (Industrial Finance) Bill that Mr. Amory announced in his Budget speech this year, and which has since received the Royal Assent, was indeed the latest link in a chain of official reports and measures that began in the early '30's. The problem with which it deals is to-day, in an era of comparatively full employment, as real (if not as bitter) as it was in the depths of the depression.

Nor has this, as the Chancellor said, much to do with disinflationary policies. Slate quarrying in North Wales has declined because modern building is using other kinds of roof. In the South, the hand-operated tinplate mills have gone out because of the growing capacity of strip mills which are overwhelmingly more efficient. From Grimsby and Greenock, bigger vessels are going out to catch the same amount of fish with smaller crews. Cuts in conventional weapon production to suit Mr. Sandys' policy of relying more and more on the nuclear deterrent are opening pockets of unemployment around scattered Royal Ordnance factories.

In theory, one may count this sort of thing as part of the price any nation must be willing to pay for rapid industrial evolution. An industry can decline and die more rapidly than the community that may have developed around it: so the community must pack up and go to where other industries are prospering. In practice, communities develop a life of their own, with which politicians if not economists have to reckon. Moreover, in terms of cold cash, the housing, commercial enterprises, and regional services of even a small developed locality may represent a much larger capital investment than that of the industries that are ailing, and one worth some effort and expense to salvage. The extent to which one ought to try to maintain such "social capital" when the profitability of established industrial capital in the locality is declining will always be a subject of heated controversy. But in the Special Areas Act of 1931, the Distribution of Industry Act of 1945, and this year's measure, succeeding British Governments have shown sympathy, within reason, with the policy of "taking work to the workers," rather than expecting workers to move away and find the work.

The results of their policies, success or failure, are to be found in the Development Areas that have been "scheduled" since the war. There are nine. Four of them, North-East England, West Cumberland, South Wales and Monmouthshire, and the mid-industrial belt of Scotland, were extensions of the pre-war "Special Areas." The other five are Wrexham, South Lancashire, Merseyside, the Scottish Highlands, and North-East Lancashire. Within these, the key points where Government assistance has been given in trying to bring in new industry are in the specialised trading estates built in Wales, North-East England, Cumberland and Scotland.

Not one of the Governments was concerned simply with making work, on the lines of setting men to dig holes and fill them in again; they wanted to diversify industry in localities that had shown themselves all too specialised and hence vulnerable to periodical or permanent decline in the industries already there. Before the war, this was largely a matter of finding the money. Local authorities, or more often special authorities such as the trading estate companies, were financially assisted in putting up factories which could be offered at low rentals to likely customers among industrialists considering new or branch enterprises. Since the war, the much more elaborate town planning and licensing of new factories has given the Board of Trade increased influence in advising industrialists where to put new factories—particularly when the industrialists have happened to be Americans deciding to manufacture in Britain for the first time.

But some of the trading estate companies set up or assisted by the Government in the '30's had already established quite a leavening of new factories in areas where industry and employment had declined disastrously during the depression. The first Scottish industrial estate, at Hillington, near Glasgow, was established in 1934 by a group of public-spirited industrialists who were convinced that the area needed to reduce its traditional dependence upon heavy industries such as shipbuilding and steel. It began to build two types of factory. One a single standard unit of 5,000 sq. ft. for established firms, and the other a "nest" factory of only 1,400 sq. ft., in which it was hoped small new enterprises might be able to start in business. The first batch built was of twenty-five factories; within a year tenants had arrived for sixty-five, and by 1939 there were seventy in operation, with other estates being planned in Lanarkshire.

To-day Scottish Industrial Estates Ltd. administers a total factory area of about 17,000,000 sq. ft. on twenty-one estates and forty-one individual factory sites in the Scottish Development area. Some 70,000 people are employed in 360 factories in the industrial estates, and a similar number will have found jobs in feeder industries that serve these. Scotland, in particular, has attracted the American business immigrant, and out of the forty U.S. companies that have set up factories there since the war, thirty-two are located on the industrial estates. The nest factories, too, have laid some golden eggs. The estate company proudly cites a domestic plumber who began in one in the late '30's and now employs 1,500 people in premises of 150,000 sq. ft.

THE FIRST INDUSTRIAL ESTATE IN SCOTLAND: The camera looks down over the vast expanse of ground on which has sprung up Scotland's first industrial estate, at Hillington, near Glasgow. Established in 1934 by a group of industrialists, it houses about 150 tenants and gives employment to about 20,000 of the approximate 65,000 people who now find employment on Scotland's twenty-one industrial estates.

That is a success story. It has brought Scotland a fairly wide variety of light industry, with some concentration on new and rapidly-developing industries such as electronics, office machinery, and instruments. It has not quite reduced unemployment in Scotland to the national average, nor unemployment in the Development Areas as a whole. Employment in these areas, too, is still prone to fluctuate a little more than in some of the steadily more prosperous areas—partly, no doubt, because much of the enterprise in the development areas consists of branch factories, where when business slackens production may be cut sooner than at the larger and more efficient headquarters factory.

This question of efficiency is indeed one that overshadows the whole policy of promoting development in areas where old industries are in decline. Many industrialists would question whether the proportionately greater development since the war of new factory space in development areas rather than elsewhere can have been a good thing for the country. Branch plants are extremely hard to make as efficient as extensions to the main factory, because management cannot be done as economically. An industry usually has some good reasons for being where it is to start with—closeness to supplies or to its consumers. Could an enforced shift to an area simply because people there want employment ever turn out a good thing?

In the peculiar circumstances of post-war Britain, the answer seems to be that fairly often it has. These circumstances have been, simply, those of pretty full employment everywhere, and certainly in the stronger industrial areas. Availability of labour, to be had without bidding up local wages to an exaggerated extent, has become a far more important element in businessmen's thinking than it is usually expected to be in theory, or than it was, in fact, in the '30's. "Green labour," moreover, has here and there proved more amenable to training in new styles of production than the workmen of the main industrial areas. Many of the businessmen and managers concerned, at any rate, will argue that putting new industrial life into these moribund areas has been a bargain both commercially and socially.

The answer, perhaps, is two-fold. There are plenty of industries making articles that can be transported cheaply themselves and for which materials are not too expensive to assemble, so that in a small country such as Britain it does not matter too much where they are made. And in an era of very full employment, with rent restriction and the shortage of housing accommodation making people unwilling to move very easily, labour may be the most important thing that industry has to look for in putting down a factory. Neither argument can be pushed too far, if the economy is to remain healthy, and policies of Government assistance to industries that settle themselves where the Government suggests need to be carried out flexibly. The one advantage of this year's legislation, which allows Treasury financial assistance to enterprises in particular places, without making these into Development Areas that can always, ever after, claim such assistance, is that it does offer some chance of flexibility.

AFRICA'S LARGEST ARTIFICIAL HARBOUR

In the aerial view the M.S. *Oti*, an 8,000-ton deadweight cargo liner of the Elder Dempster Line, is seen at berth in Tema Harbour, Ghana, the partly-completed, largest artificial harbour in Africa. The vessel, which had sailed from New York, was the first ocean-going ship to enter the harbour. Her arrival was watched by the Prime Minister of Ghana, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, and members of his Government. The construction of the £12,500,000 harbour, which is due to be completed in 1960, is being carried out by Parkinson Howard Limited (in association with Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Co. Ltd., and John Howard and Co. Ltd.). The contract was awarded to this British company in the face of strong international competition in 1954. The Consulting Engineers are Sir William Halcrow and Partners.

The breakwaters, which provide protection for the 500-acre harbour area, will have a total length of three miles. Their construction has involved the quarrying of over 5,000,000 tons of rock in blocks weighing up to 12 tons. The four-berth quay, dockyard, oil berth, fishing harbour and slipways form part of the facilities within the harbour proper, to accommodate shipping and provide safe anchorage in 42 ft. depth of water. The facilities on shore are commensurate with a harbour of this magnitude and include 20 miles of railway sidings, transit sheds and a 100-ft. lighthouse.

AT BERTH IN AFRICA'S NEW HARBOUR: Cargo is unloaded from the M.S. *Oti*, an 8,000-ton d.w. cargo liner of the Elder Dempster Line, after docking in Tema Harbour, Ghana. The vessel was the first ocean-going ship to enter the largest artificial harbour of its kind in Africa. Tema Harbour will be completed by 1960 at a cost of £12,500,000.

MAKING PARTS FOR SHIPS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Landlocked in Edinburgh is a firm whose very lifeblood is the sea and ships—Brown Brothers and Co. Ltd., engineers, of Rosebank Ironworks. Each week consignments of goods leave the works to be fitted in all kinds of ships in different parts of the world. Stabilisers, steering gear, aircraft-launching catapults and Voith Schneider propellers are among the many engineering products, and in the picture *above* two welders can be seen working on the fin for a stabiliser. In 1936 Sir William Wallace, the then managing director, patented the first activated fin ship stabiliser. It was designed and manufactured for the *Isle of Sark*, a cross-Channel ship. From that time further development of this type of equipment has been carried out in conjunction with Denny Bros. Ltd., of Dumbarton, and among the many vessels fitted with the Denny-Brown stabiliser are the two "Queens," the Royal yacht and H.M.S. *Cumberland*.

In 1932 the manufacture of ships' catapults started and work in this direction proved extremely valuable during the war. In 1948 Mr. C. C. Mitchell, the present managing director, designed for the Admiralty the steam catapult which is the basis of the aircraft catapult now supplied to both Commonwealth and foreign navies, including the United States.

APPRENTICES AT WORK: At the engineering works of Brown Brothers and Co. Ltd., in Edinburgh, two young apprentices fit on the wheels during the last stage in the assembly of the deck part of the steering gear.

AT LONDON AIRPORT: A complete roof section is lowered into position by a mobile crane, during construction of a new office block for British European Airways. In the background another crane is lowering another roof section into place. The method of construction known as the Terrapin system is claimed to be the fastest in the world and was designed and developed in Great Britain.

OFFICES BUILT IN A SINGLE DAY

Complete roof sections are lifted by mobile cranes from the lorries preparatory to being swung into position. Construction on the new office block at London Airport for British European Airways started at 5 a.m. and ended at 7 p.m. the same day. The floor area of the building is 11,400 sq. ft. This is roughly the size of ten modern four-bedroomed houses. For this feat the Terrapin system of construction was used, developed by Terrapin Ltd., of London; pre-assembled units arrived to be unloaded directly on to the prepared site, and only had to be coupled up to become permanently in position. Even the electrical and plumbing systems were built in, having merely to be connected to function. Four mobile cranes were used to unload the building packs, which were assembled by four erection teams. The building provides accommodation for a period of about two years for B.E.A. technical staff during the construction of new hangars. Having served this purpose, the building will be re-erected on an alternative site.

INSIDE THE OFFICE BLOCK FOR B.E.A.: In the afternoon workmen are already at work on the interior of the building, the construction of which started at 5 a.m. on the same day. By the evening it was complete, with electric heating, lighting and plumbing.

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES: Inside and outside, workmen hurry to complete the building. It has two main wings, 232 ft. and 216 ft. in length, linked by a connecting corridor, and will house 100 members of the B.E.A. technical staff in 24 offices.

The World of Books

"A Sea of Troubles"

Miss Rebecca West's Lectures on the Human Will; Political Corruption in France; Travel in Siam and Sussex; Mr. Nevil Shute's New Novel and Other Fiction

THE wit, the acuity, the profound and wide scholarship, the brilliance of interpretation, all these are typically present in Miss Rebecca West's new book, THE COURT AND THE CASTLE (Macmillan. 18s.), which is an expansion of three lectures given by her at Yale University. Basically, her theme is the human and religious problem of whether man's will is innocent or corrupt. Miss West's variations on this theme are made through analyses and discussions of the work of some of the great writers of imaginative literature. Hamlet and his will, the play itself and its reading and mis-reading, form the first part of the study which emphasises Shakespeare's deep pessimism, "Shakespeare's terrible conviction that man could indeed know himself through action, and that the knowledge would always be shameful."

Miss West sees writers, too, as inevitably influenced by the political climate of their times. Fielding, "the great optimist," lived in an age when reform was in the air; Trollope, the moralist, reflected the capitalist democracy in which he lived. Proust has his necessary place in the argument and so has Kafka. Thackeray, Jane Austen, Meredith and Hardy appear for discussion and Graham Greene is seen "even now pursuing Pelagianism round the landscape with an axe." There can be no doubt that this book contains writing of the most stimulating order or that it is provocative, learned and scintillating with the reflections of the author's own crystal-faceted mind.

Treason is another subject on which Miss West has written in the past and one feels that she might be interested in a study of political crime and corruption in France between 1920 and 1940, which has just been published and which was written by the late Louis Ducloux, Director of the Criminal Investigation Department at the Sûreté Nationale. FROM BLACKMAIL TO TREASON (André Deutsch. 18s.) is often exciting reading and it is often, to anyone with a real affection for France, thoroughly depressing. Here is the story behind the Stavisky scandal which implicated so many prominent people; the formation of the Cagoulards and their highly-sinister activities; a tale of murderous Corsican banditry; and of the part played by *l'Action Française* in the disaster of 1940. No punches pulled and some very interesting back-room stuff. The translation has been made by Mr. Ronald Matthews.

And so to the clearer air of two travellers' books, one of which describes voyages in Siam, the other in Sussex. Mrs. Ira Morris states her case in her title, MY EAST WAS GORGEOUS (Hutchinson. 18s.), and keeps up a mood of pleasurable reminiscence throughout a long and lively book which describes her adventures in Burma, Siam, Singapore and Karachi. Being an intensely feminine recital there are also details of packing, planning clothes and starting off for the airport with the newly-filled suitcases. These, incidentally, and their contents, depended partly on Mrs. Morris's practical good sense and partly on the occasional scraps of advice from a husband who knew his East and might say: "You'd better have something hard-wearing for when we go up-country to see our elephants" or "You'll need a hat for the Palace." Amusing, colourful and determinedly chatty.

ALONG THE SOUTH DOWNS (Cassell. 21s.) is, appropriately, a more leisurely affair and quite delightful it is, if you have even a hundredth part of the Belloc-Chesterton feeling for that lovely region. Mr. David Harrison's plan for his book is simple and satisfactory. After a long and well-grounded chapter on the Downs in history and pre-history, he sets out, as it were, on his walking tour, approaches Eastbourne from the east, passes through it to the real downland country and fetches up at length sixty miles west in the hills and parklands of Hampshire. In the meantime the reader has been told much that is new about countless villages, country houses, churches, quarries and farms and if he can sometimes see them in his mind's eye, his enjoyment is all the more. Though only Gilbert White could refer to the Downs as "that chain of majestic mountains," it showed that his heart was in the right place and to down-lovers such as the author of this pleasant book, it was an amiable lapse. Many illustrations but, greedily, I would have liked still more.

I am happy to tell you that Mr. Nevil Shute has, at least for the space of one novel, abandoned the role of prophet in which he was all too convincing. His new novel, THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE (Heinemann. 16s.), is the story of two flying men, but not an R.A.F. story such as his *Pastoral*. On the contrary, this is a story of a man who flies in the First World War (and the reconstruction of those days of fantastic hazard is as well done as anything of this kind I have ever read), marries an actress, loses her when he returns to humdrum civilian life and makes something of a living out of a small, civilian airfield where he meets the woman who is to be the love of his life. During this time he meets a youth whom he teaches to fly and it is that same young man, who, years later and after a tragic accident, gets leave from his own commercial pilot's job in Australia, to fly to Tasmania to the rescue of his old acquaintance. These, of course, are only the bare bones of the plot. As you would expect, Mr. Shute clothes them more than convincingly and makes the most real of real people out of his characters: the admiring boy, the First War "ace" cracking under the strain, the little flying club and the lessons, the meretricious actress and the married woman who loved her lover but not the situation. I found it very moving and the last lines, which would be meaningless except in their exact context, touched me almost to tears. Beyond any doubt, this is a writer who goes from strength to strength.

A BALLET AWARD: Miss Phyllis Bedells (left), Vice-President of the Royal Academy of Dancing, holds the Queen Elizabeth Award for outstanding service to the art of ballet. It had just been presented to her at the annual meeting of the Academy at Covent Garden Theatre, London. With Miss Bedells are, left to right, Alicia Markova, Dame Margot Fonteyn, and Anton Dolin.

CLERKS IN LOWLY ORDERS (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is one of those novels which are so amusing to anyone who has been even a temporary Civil Servant, so accurately do they follow the moods and the apparent whimsicalities, not to say the downright absurdities of the middle ranges of the Civil Service in which so many thousands of people spend their working lives. This is Mr. Stuart Mitchel's first novel and very entertaining it is in its evocation of a day and a half in an imaginary Ministry where intense but somehow subaqueous activity results from the losing of an important file. As *everybody* knows, when a Minister is down to answer a Parliamentary question, it is his faithful and all-knowing department which prepares it for him; in this case Mr. Mitchel's Minister is due for such performance on a Monday when the relevant file disappears on the Friday beforehand.

FIDDLE ME FREE (Putnam. 15s.) is by Mr. Herb Sutherland, who says that, apart from his Christian name he is a very happy man. He has written an amusing novel on the subject, roughly speaking, of army scroungers. The three main personages in his little tale are Taff, Welshman, of all things; Alfie, an enormous oaf, and a Norwegian and the narrator of all the dark doings which succeeded Taff's discovery that it was eight months and three days since they had last tasted bacon. The scene Persia in 1942, the fun is fast and only the commanding officer is furious.

This week's American quota consists of T SERAGLIO (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), another first and, technically, the most accomplished of the trio. James Merrill writes about a rich family who flit between Long Island, Boston and New York. The father is a tycoon with wives and mistresses in the past, present and future tenses, the daughter a solid success matrimonially, the son a fairly likable neurotic until, in his search for the Meaning of His Existence, he mutilates himself horri Apart from this grim episode and one or two not q clear episodes preceding it, the story is both well told readable and Mr. Merrill has an alert ear for believ dialogue.

Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans has written a story about avalanche in the Austrian Tyrol, based on fact embroidered and decorated with his especial art and extremely individual drawings. THE HIGH WOR (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) may easily be read at a sitting and it often will—because it has the simplicity and rhythm of a story told to children, those children who exist inside all of us. I thought it quite enchanting greatly admired the expressiveness of the animals and birds in the illustrations.

M. Marcel Sala is a French mining engineer and th scenes in his novel, BLACK FIRE (Hutchinson. 1 which deal with colliery towns and the depths of mines themselves are written with real authority. But is not solely a story of men at work on the coal face when M. Sala turns to his companion theme, the life woman in the district, whose apparent apathy c fiercer emotions, he is quite as effective. Very well d and admirably translated by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury.

THE BIG COUNTRY (Wingate. 9s. 6d.) is a Weste by Mr. Donald Hamilton and, apart from the conventio requirements in such tales of horses, bad men and g it includes one remarkable figure, a girl who really c about guns, a kind of domestic Annie Oakley, one of wh last and most memorable lines is: "Those beautiful pis should be cleaned before the fouling corrodes the Obviously, a girl in a million for a gunman.

This week's thriller is Mr. Bruce Hamilton's T MUCH OF WATER (Cresset Press. 15s.) in which action takes place in a small ship during a cruise Barbados. The book is both literate and ingenious I thoroughly recommend it.

Vernon Fa

"Title to Fame"

Balzac's Drolleries in a New Translation

What an immense and varied total production Balzac achieved in his comparatively short career. Many critics have said that *Cousin Bette* was Balzac's topmost achievement, and they may well be right, but the author himself considered that his *Contes Drolatiques* would "in days to come constitute my principal title to fame." Almost carried away by the gusto of his vision Balzac must have enjoyed every minute of this spicy excursion into the heart of medieval France, treating its perennial passions with varied and engaging lightness of touch. DROLL STORIES (Elek Books. 25s.) have been translated from the archaic French into modern English by Alec Brown, and the result is a volume that enables every reader to relish it to the full, "The Merrie Diversions of King Louis XI," "The King's Mistress," and not least that Decameron-like piece of ribaldry "Brother Amador, Abbot of Turpenay." This is really uproarious good fun.

What was the most colourful decade of the first half of the twentieth century? In England no doubt it was the Edwardian age of red plush and gaiety. In the United States it was surely the '20's, the age of lawlessness, and licence, when family ties weakened, when the nation officially put aside alcohol and at the same time indulged in an orgy of gambling, vice, and general laxity that has not since been equalled. The inevitable aftermath of World War I produced its no less inevitable and quite brilliant reporter in the person of Scott Fitzgerald. All this, and much more besides, is recorded in Paul Sann's pictorial history of what he calls the great American transition, from Armistice and Prohibition to Repeal and the New Deal. THE LAWLESS DECADE (Arco. 50s.) is very well presented, much in the same manner as Mr. Sann's *Pictorial History of the Wild West*. A massive array of illustrations adorn the lurid text.

The last kick of romantic sail has an abiding attrac for the mariner who can wield a pen, and Charles Domville-Fife is one of them. The latest of his maritime books, EPICS OF THE SQUARE-RIGG SHIPS (Seeley, Service. 25s.), does not stem only f the author's own very vivid experiences in sail, contains also first-hand accounts related by man who do not have to dig deep to recall tales of shipw mutiny, piracy, and slave trading. It was the auth grand design in an earlier book, as in this one to let square-rigger men tell the story of square-r days in all its detail and vivid colour. Captain D tells, for instance, what befell the tea-clipper K and her crew in the San Francisco "Paradise" of early '80's, where the boarding-house masters always ready to lure men from their ships and dep them of their pay. Another great story comes f Captain G. V. Clark, later a well-known commande tankers, who gives an account of the grim mai voyage of the four-masted barque *Ancyna*. Altoge this is an enthralling volume, full of colour and life.

Frank Knight was an apprentice in the Merc Navy at fifteen and during his long career at sea, during a wartime navigational spell in the air, he crossed most of the oceans of the world. In the literat of the sea Captain Knight has always taken the dee interest, and his latest book THE SEA STORY (M millan. 21s.) is a product of his wide reading. Th

THE MYSTICAL WAY

The biography of a mystic and spiritual director of many, especially if she be a woman, is rather outside my range as a reviewer, and I found Margaret Cropper's biography EVELYN UNDERHILL (Longmans. 25s.) a little difficult for a layman to understand. Evelyn Underhill died nearly twenty years ago. In her circle she became a legend in her lifetime and that circle was a very wide one.

She was from youth up a ready writer and was the friend of writers. She came under the influence of von Hügel and herself became a guide to the Mystical Way. She married a friend of her youth, Hubert Stuart Moore, and their home in Campden Hill Square became a social and religious centre at the end of the Edwardian era. She had a great sense of humour, many social gifts and friends in every walk of life, and she was an inspired letter-writer. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes wrote of her: "She was gentle, quiet and unassuming and when I first met her, she had just written *The Grey World*, soon to be followed by *The Column of Death*. Both novels had about them a quality of poetic beauty no writer has since attained. Evelyn was exceedingly modest and never spoke of herself or of her writing."

It is right that the memory of such writers as Shorthouse and Evelyn Underhill should outlast that of politicians and others more publicised in their lifetimes. They followed the permanent way and travelled whither they knew. Religious controversy can as soon turn to dust and dry bones as political. From this book it will be learnt that there is nothing controversial in Evelyn Underhill's way of life.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA

The Beaufort Library of Sports courageously refuses to accept it that the great days of field sports are in decline. No one regrets the passing of the Edwardian hecatombs of tame pheasants, or the partridges harried to death on the 700-brace scale. Those of us who enjoyed the great days of the wilder sport of grouse-driving may still regret the inexplicable bareness of some of the most famous Highland moors. Yet we know that if bumper years ever returned, economic facts would totally rule out the means to cope with them. Shooting has become at once too expensive on the grand scale and infinitely more democratic on the "rough" scale. All the more reason for an introduction to shooting, its dangers and its technique.

In his INTRODUCTION TO SHOOTING; Vol. VIII, Beaufort Library (Seeley Service. 15s.), Douglas Service has compiled an admirable guide for young shooters and for old hands who seek to make the best of what remains. Gone are the days when boys were apprenticed to old keepers and used dummy cartridges only until they had learned the rules of safety. Nowadays they learn while they blaze away, and the sport has 25 per cent. of the danger of war.

I have not read a handier, wiser, simpler and lighter guide to a sport which, however illogically, has harvested the happiest memories of my life, and I recommend it heartily to young and old who seek to keep the flags flying. But I am not altogether quite sure that I am prepared to agree with Mr. Service that rivalry in skill, within the rules, plays no part in the interest of a day's shooting.

John Gore.

really a guide to nautical literature from ancient times to the close of the sailing-ship era. It embraces history, travel and discovery. While in one sense it is a continuous narrative of maritime history, showing developments in naval architecture, rigging, seamanship, the naval and mercantile services, exploration, naval warfare, piracy and commerce, it is in an equally important sense a bibliography, each chapter containing a comprehensive list of books for further reading—journals and accounts, textbooks, works of reference, and fiction—nearly 600 titles are given, most of them readily available to the reader in the English language.

It is only comparatively recently that game fishing has become widely popular among Australian sportsmen, but Athel D'Ombrain has been an acknowledged master of these arts for over twenty years. In GAME FISHING OFF THE AUSTRALIAN COAST (Angus and Robertson. 50s.) he gives us the fruits of his wide experience, taking us on some most exciting expeditions off the New South Wales coast. Mr. D'Ombrain says that Queensland has only barely ruffled the surface in respect of this sport, and in Victoria it also remains largely undeveloped. Some excellent photographs of fishermen in action, including fishing with big-game equipment, enhance the text.

Anton Lubke's THE WORLD OF CAVES (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.) is a work for the amateur and the professional speleologist, considering caving both as a pastime and for its practical value in the realms of geology. Many caverns have a gripping tale to tell of their use as dwelling-places in past ages, and Anton Lubke has clearly wasted no opportunities for this kind of investigation in the many parts of the world where he has gone caving.

R. C. E.

A LATIN PLAY IN MODERN TERMS: The Old Man, Theoropides, played by P. R. Jeffreys-Powell, leans on his stick as he faces the chief slave, Tranio (S. I. Eden), in *Mostellaria*, this year's traditional Latin play at Westminster School. The comedy of Plautus was produced in modern dress. The heavily-burdened characters on the right are two of the junior slaves.

LATIN DRAMA

Plautus in Modern Dress at Westminster School, in London

The *Mostellaria* is one of the lesser-known plays of Plautus. Until this year it had not been performed at Westminster School since 1569. It lent itself very well to production in modern dress, which is now again the fashion in the Westminster Latin Plays. *Mostellaria* concerns an allegedly haunted house to which the owner returns after long travels. The spooks keep him out of his property, but this is in many ways incidental to the plot, for, as always, Plautus keeps the fun going with the type of characters which he almost invariably employs. Doddering old men have spendthrift offspring and spivvish slaves contrast with yokels—smart wits versus half-wits. In the open air the cast at Westminster thoroughly enjoyed themselves in a rollicking romp. In a production which, as was to be expected, was excellent, the players reminded the audience that as far as the theatre is concerned there is to-day little, if anything, new in authors' ideas about themes to make people laugh.

FOUR PERFORMERS IN "MOSTELLARIA": Philematium, played by J. L. Cohen, is second from left. Scapha (M. R. Mackenzie) is third from left. The two "ladies" are flanked by a couple of slaves.

BUMPKIN AND SPIV: A Yokel (T. E. Radice) and Tranio are engaged in one of those scenes of contrast in character, typical of Plautus.

SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES

The Annual Round-up and Marking of the Birds on the River

According to legend, the swans on the Thames were introduced from Cyprus in the reign of Richard I. Certainly, in medieval times they were regarded as Royal birds. Then, five centuries ago, Edward IV granted a share of the ownership of the Thames Swans to two of the City companies, the Vintners and the Dyers, in return for money payments. The crown retained claims to two-thirds of the birds, the remaining third being divided equally between the companies. Thus began the custom known as swan-upping which is carried on each summer. Cygnets are rounded up, caught and marked in certain fashions.

Led by the Queen's Swan Master, the boats set out from the Pool of London and the swan-upping continues as far as Oxford. All birds are rounded up. Those claimed by the Crown are not marked. The Dyers' swans are marked with a nick under the right side of the bill, those of the Vintners receive two nicks on the left side.

On right—

THE SWAN-MARKERS SET OUT: They are in their boats near Blackfriars Bridge, in London. The two leading craft are the Queen's. The others fly the colours of the two City companies concerned in the marking of swans up the river to Oxford.

IN MOLESEY LOCK: The Queen's boats are against each wall of the lock. Between them are those of the Vintners and Dyers Companies which, under a 500-year-old grant, have a share in the ownership of the swans.

THE QUEEN'S SWAN MASTER: Mr. Turk sits in the stern of the craft. In the swan-upping, birds claimed by the Crown are not marked. Each of the companies which share equally one third of the Thames swans, has its own method of " nicking " the bills of its cygnets.

TWO STAGES IN SWAN-UPPING: A pair of cygnets are held by Mr. Turk. The Queen's Swan Master is aged eighty-two. *On left*—By the banks below the lawns of a house at Shepperton on the River Thames, the markers close in to surround a swan and her brood of cygnets.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

CORAS IOMPAIR EIREANN, or the C.I.E. as it is more generally referred to, is the Eire equivalent of our British Transport Commission, viz., a Government-sponsored organisation which controls railways, bus services, coach tours, excursion steamers on the Shannon and six luxury hotels—three in the south and three on the west coast of Ireland.

The word " luxury " is often ill-used in hotel publicity, but those of their hotels that we visited on our recent tour of Ireland fully live up to the dictionary definition—" the possession and use of all appliances for gratifying the senses."

Each hotel is named Great Southern, all are sited in areas so endowed by Nature in scenic attraction and sporting opportunities that any readers contemplating a motoring holiday in Eire should plan their itinerary so that each should be stayed at in turn. So satisfied will be their experience that they will almost certainly plan to return for a more extended stay at that hotel and location which pleases them best. (Please do not ask me to decide for you for I see the advantages of all.) Here, then, is a brief impression of three of the hotels we were able to visit.

Galway—Great Southern Hotel. We knew this hotel years back when it was the " white elephant " of the Midland Great Western of Ireland. What a morgue it was ! Then Mr. J. Lucey, the virile Hotels' Manager of the C.I.E., who had already waved his magic wand over the Great Southern in Sligo, influenced his directorate to modernise in a big way, and the metamorphosis that has taken place is for you to see and enjoy.

Though there has been little structural alteration of the exterior and public rooms, except for a roomy cocktail bar which radiates warmth and comfort (note the unusual counter of Connemara marble), every bedroom has been redecorated, refurnished, recarpeted and, in some cases, redesigned to allow for a good proportion of private bathrooms and suites. Our bedroom, and indeed all, though varying in size, are luxurious in their completeness. Modern built-in furniture, fitted Navan carpets, bedside telephones and radio, electric-razor points, a full-length mirror, hotel stationery, and in case we foreigners had indulged in an overdose of Irish coffee the night before (Galway is the home of it and the hotel will send you the recipe on request), some liver salts were tactfully placed in our bathroom.

Luxury, as we pointed out above, is " the possession and use of all appliances for gratifying the senses." Nothing seems to have been overlooked in an hotel which mainly caters for the transient. On each bedroom floor is a launderette and ironing room, complete with washing facilities, ironing-boards, electric and steam irons. On the ground floor we found a shop so that late travellers could purchase Donegal-made rugs, Waterford glass and other Irish hand-made products. Last, but by no means least, we dined leisurely and pleasantly in a restaurant where our sense of taste was exceedingly gratified. The management of this Great Southern Hotel is in the able and most active hands of Mr. Brian Collins. Like Mr. T. O'Sullivan, Managing Director of The Gresham at Dublin, where he obtained his training, he is " right on the ball " and nothing escapes his vigilant eye that will contribute to the comfort of the travelling public.

Killarney—Great Southern Hotel. The lakes of Killarney have the same magnetic attraction to tourists as have the English Lake District, Loch Lomond and the Trossachs. Indeed, Killarney is as much an international *must* as the Pyramids, Niagara Falls and the Eiffel Tower. The danger of such fame is that one may expect too much and thus be disappointed. Such will not be the case of those who elect to make their headquarters at this 140-bedroom hotel, 67 of which have bathrooms attached. We arrived two days after a new luxury wing had been opened at an approximate cost of £50,000. Each of the new 33 twin-bedded rooms were fitted as bed-sitting-rooms. Half of them provided a vista of one of the Killarney lakes. Some, too, had small balconies with deck-chairs provided ; each room had its own telephone unit and radio, and iced tap-water laid on. To-day, this Great Southern Hotel has probably the highest proportion of bed-bathrooms in the country and is the third largest in accommodation. Quietly situated in its own grounds—an important point in such a busy town—we enjoyed a lunch in their restful dining-room which was quite excellent in cooking, presentation and smiling service.

After, Mr. L. Ryan, whom we found a most helpful manager, insisted on us taking a Jaunting Car up to Muckross House and grounds, where we not only viewed the main Killarney Lake to the best advantage but were able to take colour pictures of the azaleas and rhododendrons which were then at the height of their flowering. Do not fail to follow in our wheel tracks. Thanks to our favourable impression of the Great Southern and being persuaded to indulge in what we had previously considered a trippery stunt, we enjoyed Killarney as we have never done before.

Parknasilla—Great Southern Hotel. Here is a dream spot on the water's edge of a land-locked fiord, inviting to look on, compelling to sail or bathe in, and exciting for the angler who would pit his skill with sea trout, brown trout and salmon.

Approached by a private carriageway from the Waterville-Kenmare road on what is known as " The Ring O'Kerry," the lush semi-tropical vegetation is a significant pointer to the fact that here will be found the mildest climate anywhere in Ireland or Britain. Though this Parknasilla hotel makes an excellent objective for a meal, it is essentially a place to stay in, be it honeymoon or a normal holiday. I just cannot imagine anyone not enjoying a long or short stay in such beautiful surrounds and with every facility for enjoyment at one's feet. The hotel has its own golf course, tennis courts, motor launch and, here again, a shop on the premises for the purchase of souvenirs, films and essentials. Like the other Great Southern Hotels, the catering is distinguished by its quantity and quality. The comfortable bedrooms range from suites to single rooms and we found the management and staff most helpful and considerate. An Irish holiday without a visit to Parknasilla would, to our minds, be quite incomplete.

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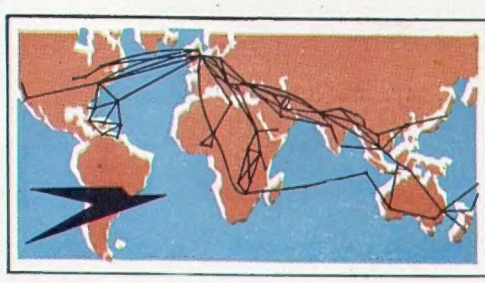

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